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THE FREEMAN

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THE CHICAGO LETTER.

The Afro-American League Convention---Afro-American Citizens Preparing to Entertain Them---The Mission Jubilee Singers--Personal Points and Paragraphs.

The world-famed, celebrated, atrocious murder conspiracy came to a close on the 13th inst. The jury was out two days and nights, the verdict being three for life, one for three years, and one acquittal. This was not expected, as they thought three would surely hang. There are many sympathizers of the conspirators employed in the city and county offices whose services are being disposed of. The effect will be disintegration of Clan-na-Gaelism.

Monday evening last, at Cline's Hall, Wells and Huron streets, was rendered one of the best literary programmes by North Side talent. Addresses, orations, selections, solos, male and female quartets; Latin oration, Wm. Akers; Budgett, S. S. Cabell; President, S. N. Rankins.

A committee of fifty have organized and are making great preparations for the Afro Convention. Hon. C. W. E. Thomas, ex-member Illinois Legislature, is President.

When J. E. Bish, Esq., was presiding, and appointed that committee of five as servants of the colored voters of the drainage district, did he do it in good faith? He and the committee must inform us why they tried to miss lead us, or take their medicine; we are tired of trickery.

We present to our many readers a combination cut of First Baptist Church and its Pastor, Rev. Thomas L. Johnson, of Chicago, Ill. After 14 years of zealous labor in Missionary work on the Dark Continent of Africa, Rev. Thomas L. Johnson was compelled to retire from the Missionary work on account of failing health. He was called to the pastorate of the above named church in august, 1889, and when he entered upon his duties, found the edifice in a deplorable, dilapidated condition. He at ance formulated plans, and renovated the once unsafe eye sore. This was completed the latter part of November. By his energy and the zealous assistance of his congregation and friends, who are numberless, the interior was given a complete remodeling. Gas fixtures in the place of kerosine lamps; the walls are beautifully papered; the massive rotten, wooden steps once leading to the main floor have been removed. Now you enter at the lower door and vestibule, and ascend by a stairway on the inside. The interior brick work is beautifully painted and penciled. The church is on Irving Place, one of the most desirable localities on the West Side. It is a monument to that community, and they feel equally as proud as does the pastor and his congregation. The church was dedicated Sunday, October 1. Rev. Perren of Western Avenue (white) preached the dedicating sermon. Elder L. H. Reynolds, of St. Stephens Avenue Church, and the most of his congregation were present and assisted. Many of the various church choirs were invieed. Rev. Thomas L. Johnson has an organized company —fifteen voices whom he has taught many sacred songs and hymns in the native African tongue. In connection with his lectures to assist in raising money to pay off the debt, they have been and are meeting with much

DANIEL A. RUDD,
Editor and Proprietor of the American Catholic Tribune.

financial success. The indebtedness by remodeling amounted to $850, of which $420 of this has been raised all together. The pastor and his congregation feel grateful for their achievement.

As the Afro convention convenes heve Jan. 15, 1890, in another column will be found a Chicago directory. We recomend them as select places of business, etc. We recommend to strangers who visit Chicago, and are not responsibla for those whose ads do not appear in The Freeman. Strangers and delegates will please patronize those recommended.

Christmas was celebrated throughout the city by numerous literary entertainments. amusements, parties and general good times. The many Sunday schools had Christmas trees and festivals. The quartette concert at Quinn's Chapel for $50 was won by the Gunard. It was a close contest between teem, and the Colfax Quartette, who desire to meet the Gunards again in the near future.

Mr. Thomas Miller has been appointed night watchman in the North Side Collector's Office by Hon. Wm. T. Cooper. Mr. Miller is one of our enterprising business men, and deserves the position.

In the next issue of The Freeman, full programme and plans of the reception of the visitors and delegates will appear.

As this will be a colored men's exclusive affair and convention, accommodation suitable for any one coming can be found among us as acceptable as anywhere else, even the proposed banquets, etc.

The Christmas entertainment given by the I. D. S. C. was one of the most credible entertertainments ever given of the kind. But the management of these entertainments permit one demoralizing evil by allowing the ladies to go and come at will to the saloon in the neighborhood. Stop it at once or they will soon lose self-respect by al concerned.

The Art Exhibition given at Arlingtod Hall, was one of the finest of the kind ever presented exclusively by our race. E. H. Lee received the first and gold medel. Mr. Wilson's oil paintings came next, and was decided by expert judges as true art from the bush. Crazy quilts and hand works, hand painted table covers, etc., were numerous, all soliciting much credit.

On the 18th, occured a shooting affair between David Blakemore, proprietor of the B. Restaurant, (colored) and a discharged dish washer, McLaughlin. The doctor says neither will recover. Will give particulars later.

The A. M. E. Mission was permanently organized at 102 Larrable st., on the 15th. J. J. Crow, pastor; services every Sunday, 11 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. All are invited.

Mr. Smith Johnson, who had charge of the door and executive room of the citizens, and knew their plans, etc., proved too much of a man to be bribed by outsiders. He would have been well paid and our race demoralized.

Mr. Smithson, (white) one of the colored Y. M. C. A. movers, has been dining our colored clergy, and showing how they went wrong about the trick and got left.

Mr. George Washington, manager of the Fox Brothers' Baking Establishment, has accepted a similar position at 77 Adams st. H. H. James, an ex-school teacher of Ohio, will succeed him.

The R. S. Bryant association are preparing to banquet some of the Afro-American delegates when they come.

Under the managemene of Battles & Cohell, a star entertainment will be given at Madison-Street Theater in honor of Afro delegates to the convention.

The Garden City lyceum will elect officers at net regnlar meeting for one year. Miss M. L. Shaw will leave for Jackson, Miss., to take charge of a school shortly.

Mrs, Susan Davis, 1729 Butterfield st., is one of our enterprising boarding house proprietors, strictly business, and the Freeman is for sale there. Send your baggage right up.

Madam Preston, the dramatic reader of Detroit, Mich., will be in Chicago soon under the management of Battles & Cabell. Mr. Robert Crawford, the well-known tenor singer, will soon appear at Madison-street Theater.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

Christmas in the Monumental City---Celebrations in the Churches---Closing at the Schools---Kindergarten Entertainment--Monumental and Touissaint L'Overture Literaries--Society News--Personals.

A general cessation from every day toil, the closing of places of business, the peculiar mirthfulness around the family hearthstone, the reunion of families, the widespread feeling of joy and happiness, the brilliant and impressive services in the several churches, were some of the features which marked the dawn and progress of that day which of all others in the year is watched and waited for with joy and gladness—Christmas.

Beautiful and imposing services were held at the several Catholic churches in early morn while darkness yet lingered. Sweet and appropriate hymns were sung, eloquent and becoming sermons were preached, all reminding the thoughtful of that memorable morn on which the Savior of the world was born amid lowly surroundings.

At Bethel A. M. E. Church on Sunday evening the regular annual Christmas service will be held. The music, instrumental and vocal, will be excellent. The decorations of the church will be beautiful- The altar of the church will be made to represent a manger in which will lay a child, representing the Savior. On either side will be shepherds and wise men from the East who had come to give gifts to the new born King. The entire representation will be a striking picture of ancient scenes and times, and will be much enjoyed by the very large audience which generally attends this celebration.

The closing of the schools for the holidays was the occasion of much enjoyment to both pupils and teachers. Christmas gifts were interchanged and a kind and loving feeling manifested on the part of both.

At the colored Public School No. 9, the only public school in which colored teachers are employed, each teacher received from their pupils a useful present, thus displaying their interest in and love for their colored instructors.

At the colored High School quite an interesting program was arranged and executed. Declamations, essays, etc., were rendered by the young ladies and gentlemen of the High School in a very creditable manner. The participants were Misses Georgean B. Keely, Ada S. Trusty and Mattie Taylor, and Messrs. G. B. Murphy, J. Hall and others.

The colored Kindergarten, an institution which is doing much service in ameliorating the condition of the colored children in the southern section of the city, held its Christmas entertainment. and many contributions in the form of money, clothes, etc., were made to the needy children who attend this school. Mrs. A. E. Jones, the enterprising principal of the school, has been very successful in her management of the institution and has drawn to it many useful and devoted friends. Several more institutions of this kind in Baltimore would fill a much needed want and do much good.

The Monumental Literary met on Thursday evening, and a paper was read by Prof. Kelly Miller, of Washington. Subject, "The Origin of Counting." The paper showed much research and study and was very instructive. A large audience was in attendance.

The Toulssaint L'Overture Literary met at Waters A. M. E. Chapel. Addresses were made by John W. Martin and others. Excellent music was rendered by the Phonetic Quartette, C. E. Dungee accompanist.

Invitations are sent out for the marriage of Rev. Daniel G. Hill, an able and eloquent divine, and Miss Maggie Peck, the daughter of Rev. Frank Peck, of Waters Chapel. The ceremony is to be performed on New Year's day at Water's Chapel. Receptions are to be held at the parsonage and at Hagerstown, Md., whither the bridal party will go on the afternoon of the marriage day.

Rev. J. Milton Waldron, at Richmond, Va., is in the city in the interest of the colored Y. M. C. A. of that city. A splendid building has been erected in Richmond at a cost of $6,000, and Mr. Waldron has started on a tour to the North and West to raise funds for the concern. Mr. Waldron is a thorough and earnest worker, ond will doubtless be successful in his work.

Miss Mary Norris, of New York. is visiting her father, Rev. J. T. Norris.

Many students of Lincoln University are spending their holidays in the city.

Are the Dead Beads.

The Freeman threatens to "air" those who are acting dishonestly with it. We think that it is a shame for our leading men to act so dishonestly with our leading enterprises. We can sympathize with The Freeman. Some men seem to think because they have influence they don't have to do right, and pay for their papers.—The Baptist Vanguard.

The deficit of the Turkish income will this year exceed $10,000.

HUNTING GORILLAS.

An Exciting Hunting Adventure with Natives in Central Africa.

A Day's Sport in the Jungle—The Mammoth Monkey Fought Until the Top of Its Head Was Blown Off—Killed in the Nick of Time.

In my trading expeditions into Central Africa I had at different times many native servants, and through them I had opportunities to see the natives hunt according to the time honored methods of the tribes.

One of my men was named Oshupu. He was a Fan, a fine specimen of humanity, and, like most of his race, remarkably intelligent. In fact, he was a cannibal gentleman; that is to say, although he, like the rest of his tribe, had a liking for human flesh, he never intruded that horrible craving upon my notice by word or deed, and from his appearance and actions I should never have imagined that it existed.

He was forever wishing that we had reached his country, and he would talk to me by the hour of elephant and gorilla hunts, until I longed to get away with him to join a hunting party of his people. Accordingly when we neared the Gaboon River, it did not need much persuasion to induce me to outspan the team for two weeks, and go with Oshupu to his village.

We entered the village from the side, and were in the street before our coming was perceived. As if pulled by a single string, every native arose, and, quietly forming a ring round me, the population gravely inspected me.

When it was known that I had come to hunt the gorilla, their joy was unbounded, for, strange as it may seem, these warlike people, like those of many other tribes, are much afraid of his animal.

After resting for two days, our hunting party was formed, and we journeyed a long day's march to the home of the gorilla. What a journey it was, and how vividly I remember it! There were about thirty of us, the natives all armed with spears about seven feet in length, terminating in an iron head, with large barbs at either side.

I am an old stalker, yet my skill was sorely tried in that labyrinth, in which dead branches lay thickly about under foot. After a time the undergrowth became less dense, and Oshupu whispered to me that this circumstance indicated the presence of water, and that the animals coming in all directions kept the undergrowth more or less trodden down.

Suddenly my guide stopped short, and holding up his finger, crooked it over his head, pointing to the left. I turned my head in the direction indicated, and at a distance of about three hundred feet away saw an immense ape slowly moving through the trees on all fours, swinging to and fro in a manner not unlike the plantigrade movement of a grizzly.

Oshupu reached his hand behind as a signal for me to move up to him, and when I had done so, he said, "The gorilla has fed, and is lazy. If he sees us, he will run, and we shall never catch up with him in this tangle. We must rest here, and he will drum for his mate and sleep. Then we shall catch him."

After a time, at a given signal, the natives spread themselves out, and making a long detour, surrounded the spot where it was believed the gorilla had stopped to rest. They were not mistaken, for on the edge of a small glade the big brute sat fast asleep, with his back against a tree.

It was deputed to a young chief to open the encounter, and after a pause he emerged from cover as near as he could get to the gorilla. He poised his spear in his hand in readiness to throw it, and, step by step, approached until he was within thirty feet of the gorilla, when suddenly the animal rolled his head from one side to the other.

The ape was thoroughly aroused, and leaning forward raised itself into an awkward, partly erect atitude. If the young chief had lain still, all would have been well; but he was desirous of showing off before me, and accordingly rose to his feet, dashed his spear at the brute and made for the cover of the thicket. The spear went through the arm of the gorilla, which instantly tore the weapon out bodily, savagely bit the wound, and dashed on all fours after his assailant, with a terrible scream of rage.

All the Fans on the opposite of the clearing now boldly dashed in, throwing their spears, or, as they got close enough to him, thrusting them into the brute's body. Wounds inflicted with such weapons could not prove immediately fatal, and could only kill the creature by causing loss of blood, as the vital power of the gorilla is so great that even a rifle ball seldom arrests at once his headlong course.

If it had not been for the danger, this spectacle of the contest between the Fans and the ape would have been amusing, as the men threw spears, and crouched or dodged, and the ape backed slowly away from them, making horrible grimances and gradually working himself up into a blind fury. This state of affairs did not last more than a minute, and then the ape was at the edge of the clearing, about forty feet from where I stood. Here another volley of spears met him, and after standing amazed for a second, he rushed headlong at the first assailant, seized him by the leg, and before a hand could be raised, he swung him around his head, bringing the poor fellow's skull in contact with a tree trunk and cracked it like a nut.

It was a terrible sight, but it was done before I had the power to prevent it. I raised my rifle, and quick as thought sent two bullets ploughing through the ape's head, tearing the top of the skull clean off. He reeled and fell, rose again, clenched at the mass of vines, and rolled over, still convulsively twitching and tearing at the undergrowth, while Oshupu got his foot clear, and coming to me placed my hand on his head in token that his life henceforth belonged to me.

There the brute lay, a strange sight, and one of which the stuffed gorilla skins of the natural history collections can give but a faint idea. The face was hideous; the breadth of chest was grand, the arms and hands were massive; but the huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent and decrepit as those of an old woman.

I wished to preserve the skin, but before I could prevent their action, the natives had thronged around the body, making a perfect seive of it with spear thrusts. The head was destroyed, so I simply took measurements of the beast, he was five feet four inches in height, and cut off the hands and feet for trophies. We buried the young chief, after carrying him back to the village, but no funeral rites were observed as he had been killed by a gorilla, and so he was believed to be bewitched.

When I left the village, I brought away some fine specimens of native work. One of these specimens, an ax blade, was covered with the most delicate tracery work, although the tools used in construction were of the rudest possible pattern. To work out the figure on this ax occupied four months. It has been a constant matter of regret to me that I have never been able to return to the country of the Fans and spend a longer time with them.—Wilf. P. Pond in Youth's Companion.

Reed Bird and Mocking Bird.

The reed bird of the Deleware and the rivers and regions south of that stream is the rollicking boboiink of our New England fields. Here is his true home, even if his residence in it is not so long as it is in the south. Here he is adorned with a gray piebalb coat, instead of the somber suit of black in which he appears when in more southern latitudes, and here he nests and sings and rears his brood. Here in the sunny green fields of New England, through all the charming May and for some way into June, he pours out the most peculiar, the most over buboling, frolicsome, swaggering rollicking and tipsy of all bird music. He is not so abundant here as he was in the days before he was shot by the thousand by sportsmen as the reed bird of the lower Susquehanna and the lower Delaware, and before a set of worthless men and boys here in southern New England acquired, through somebody's ingenuity, a trap which catches him. He was here in rather greater force last May than usual of late years, the tendency being not to increase, but to diminish. Connecticut fields are not so filled as they were fifty years ago with his swaggering and most peculiar tinkling song. It may be said of him and the mocking bird that if both or either had been known to Europe for the last two thousand years, and particularly to Italy, Greece and England, there would have been a greater fame for either than the nightingale now has. But the pothunters for the Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York markets are destroying the bobolink as the reed bird, and the negro with his shot gun blazing away at the mocking bird (he can't shoot him except when the bird is at rest) is fast completing what the nest robbing young negroes who supply northern buyer had long ago begun—the destruction of the superb mocking bird, the finest songster as well as the most spirited and intelligent of our American birds.—Hartford Times.

Looking Backward.

Those simple rhymes of other days
We never shall forget.
Each line of those old childish lays
Is fresh in memory yet.
They linger in the halls of thought
Like melodies in tune.
"Hey, diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."

The better rhymes and newer songs
We've heard in later years,
Have from the heart forever gone;
Still memory adheres
To those old words whose import strong
Into our lives has grown.
"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to her cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone."

Why does the heart so fondly cling
To youthful thoughts and themes?
Up from the tender vales of spring
Come all our later dreams.
We still recall the youthful times
And for their pleasures sigh:
"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie."

The Dog Had to Climb.

We were comfortably seated around the hearth at Porter Lake, in Pike county, Pa., and the spirit of story telling was strong upon us, because the fishing had been unusually good and the supper bounteous. The flash and sparkle of wit filled the upper air of the room as with a fine aurora, and a halo of calm bliss encircled the brow of each entranced listener. But first the drug and then the antidote. The benevolent colonel drew us down gently from the giddy hights with a story of a coarse plebeian, locally known as a catfish. Thus ran his tale: "A man and his dog went fishing in the Mississippi. In a short time the man felt a mighty pull on the line, and he knew that a catfish had taken hold. The giant came along peacefully enough until he happened to change his mind, and then he decided to double on his course and take the man along. The faithful dog, seeing his master's danger, rushed to the rescue bravely enough. The wily catfish, when he found the dog pursuing, turned upon him and terrified the dog, who incontinently turned tail and swam vigorously toward the dry land, the catfish hotly following. Presently the dog gained the land and ran hastily, the catfish surging after him. The dog, sorely pressed and fearing a painful death, in his extremity climbed a tree, the catfish still pursuing."

"Hold on! hold on!" we cried in chorus; "dogs cannot climb trees."

"Can't climb a tree?" responded the colonel. "But the catfish was close upon him, and this dog had to climb."—Forest and Stream.

Progressive and Profitable.

Publisher's agent (on his semi-annual hunt after plunder): "Can't I get your order for some of the new geographies we are getting out, squire?" School trustee: "Wa-al, I dunno; we haven't been usin' those last ones but a few months." Publisher's agent: "But these contain the correct name of the new government of Brazil! Do you want to be behind the times?"

PROTECTING THE VOTE.

Workings of the Massachusetts Election Law.

Leading Features of a New System of Balloting—The Citizens Relieved from the Importunities of Politcal Heelers and Ward Bummers.

What is the first desideratum in "a free ballot and an honest count" would appear to be the perfect secrecy to the ballot, and this is vouchsafed by the Australian system of voting, as it was practically tested in Massachusetts at the last election. The operation of the system itself demonstrated its extreme simplicty. Everything having narrowed down to the action of the individual in choosing his favorite candidate, all he is required to do is the mere scratching of a cross upon a sheet of paper.

In Boston there were no crowds about the entrances of the polling places. Women and children kept away because there was nothing to be seen but a string of men walking in and out of a building. Men did not loiter about the places, because there was no prospect of any row. Within the inclosure was the police officer in charge of the good order of the polling place and seven election officers. The only other persons within the railing were the voters who were marking their ballots, or, in case the shelves were full, an equal number of men waiting for places at the shelves.

The process of voting was almost invariably this: The citizen placed himself at the bar which was placed across the entrance, and upon question gave his name and residence to the election officer at the entrance. A reference to the poll list, which was printed and arranged alphabetically, showed whether or not the applicant was entitled to vote in the precinct. Upon his name being found, the officer in charge of the check list at the entrance would call out "Found!" and the voter was admitted. He was then presented with an official ballot. This was taken by the voter to the series of shelves at the rear of the room.

These shelves were portable, and with ordinary use will be available for similar purposes for a dozen years. They are built upon a foundation shelf with a backing of a board, which is so hinged with the horizontal one that it may be folded over it. The partitions between the spaces used by the voter are hinged to the vertical board, so that they may be folded. Thus, when these shelves are packed away for use they occupy no more storage-room than three boards would were they laid upon each other. The shelves are supported by folding horses. Within the space between the partitions, with its head and shoulders sheltering his ballot and his pencil to the persons who were possibly near, the voter completed his choice on the ballot and at once after an average delay of three minutes, walked to the table at the left of the room, at which he again gave his name and residence, which, if again found upon the duplicate check list, entitled him to place his ballot in the self-registering box. Then the voter's duty was concluded and he departed through the exit.

An "ideal" municipal ticket arranged after the Boston plan of ballots, would be about as follows:

CITY ——.
OFFICIAL BALLOT FOR ——.
——, APRIL 5, 1891.
F—— A——,
Clerk.

To vote mark a (x) in the square at the right of name.

Mayor.	Vote for ONE.	
Retton Remlap	Democrat	
William Weckbolden	Republican	
J. L. Throwith	Prohibitionist	
Joseph Hutgreen	Labor	
City Treasurer.	**Vote for ONE.**	
M. C. Naldomac	Democrat	
Franz Bergam	Republican	
Edwin Brownlee	Prohibitionist	
Paul Kaugrott	Labor	

There were many schemes used to "beat" the reform system in Boston, so far as it was carried out at the polls, but it may be said to the credit of the shrewd minds which perfected the law these almost all failed. In the most thickly populated ward in Boston, the one, too, in which there is the greatest proportion of illiterate persons, the average time it required for a man to verify his right to vote in the precinct, receive his ballot, mark it, repeat his name and residence, deposit his vote, wait for the box to register its number and make his exit from the inclosure, was three minutes.

The Philadelphia Girl.

The Philadelphia maiden is sui generis. She is as unlike her New York sister as a pretty dove or a blackbird is unlike a gorgeous cockatoo. She is nothing if not demure, correct, ladylike. In her street costume particularly she is simplicity itself—the touch of the Quaker hangs round her still. She has a penchant for black at all times and in all seasons, but this season the penchant has developed into a positive craze. It amounts to a livery or to the habit of an order covering the entire area of fashion's quarter. Straight black skirt, with long loosely tied silk sash, black fur shoulder cape, black hat, with black wings or blackbird entire. There she is, every mother's daughter of her, and very pretty, graceful and stylish she is, too—a little monotonous perhaps, but, que voulez-vous?—New York Herald.

Keeping the Gate.

A man who was arrested on a charge of vagrancy, says the Arkansaw Traveler, was asked by the magistrate why he did not go to work.

"I cannot," the man replied.

"You cannot? Why I haven't seen a more strapping fellow in many a day than you are. Does anything ail you?"

"No, sir."

"Then why don't you work?"

"Because I used to keep toll-gate on a turn-pike in the South."

"You are discharged," said the judge. "Here, take this dollar."

The judge was a wise man. He knew the nature of a toll gate-keeper; he knew that the most active and industrious man in the world, if put at toll gate-keeping, would become a sloth incapable of self-support. The town constable is lazy, and the country school teacher is not given to undue exertion, but the toll gate-keeper is the head waiter (we can think of nothing more suggestive of indolence.) The old toll gate-keeper was a sort of newsbudget. He had nothing in detail, but held the paragraphic gossip of several neighborhoods. In season he had a little weedy garden back of his house, and in it yellow cucumbers could be seen, withering under the fierce rays of the sun, but no one ever saw him chop down any of the weeds or gather any of the cucumbers. Near his house there was a well, from which water was drawn with a long pole set in a see-saw, and with a heavy weight on one end. It would be risky to say that there was any worse water in the world. It was blackish, and had, in connection with its other atrocities, a burnt-leather taste. But how the old fellow did delight in handing out that water to the thirsty and dust-covered traveler. He had a gourd that had been broken and sewed up with a twine string, but the wound had never healed, and through it the water poured down the wayfarer's sleeve. As a rule the old fellow had seven children and several grandchildern. His daughter, a pale-faced woman, with large, sad, brown eyes, had buried her husband away over the hill under the persimmon tree. The oldest of the grandchildren, a chubby little rascal, with a daub of molasses in his hair, would toddle out to collect the toll.

The old fellow does not keep the toll-gate now. He lies under the persimmon tree on the hill.

Since Papa Doesn' Drink.

My papa's awful happy now and mamma's happy, too,
'Cause my papa drinks no more the way he used to do.
And everything's so jolly now—'tain't like it used to be
When papa never stayed at home with poor mamma and me.
It made me feel so very bad to see my mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears a-hiding in her eye.
But now she laughs just like we girls—it sounds so cute, I think
And sings such pretty little songs—since papa doesn't drink.

You ought to see my Sunday dress—it's every bit all new;
It ain't made out of mamma's dress the way she used to do.
And mamma's got a pretty cloak all trimmed with funny fur,
And papa's got some nice new clothes and goes to church with her.
My papa says that Christmas time will pretty soon be here,
And may be good old Santa Claus will find our house this year.
I hope he'll bring some candy and a dolly that can wink,
He'll know where our home is, I'm sure—since papa doesn't drink.

Tom Corwin's Audience.

A recently told story about Judge John A. Corwin of Ohio calls to the mind of a valued friend an incident in the career of the judge's famous brother, says the Washington Post. Tom had written a lecture, in which he had given full play to his robust humor, and in order to try it on a dog, as it were, went to a little sober-sided town in Ashtabula county. The people of the town were very seriously affected by the prospect that so great and so famous a man was coming among them, and the hall was well filled. As the lecturer entered a hush fell upon the audience. The poor country people were deeply and solemnly impressed by the presence of such a man. In his very best spirits Tom began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing his tremendous fiction as a great and beneficial truth. For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile. He twinkled, scintillated, effervesced, but all to no purpose. The audience was as solemn as a sexton.

When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man who gravely said:

"Gov'ner, I'm much obleeged fer that lectur, and I want to make a leetle apology fer me an' some o' my neighbors, fer I guess you noticed some on us looked like we sorter wanted to laugh. 'Twan't no feelin' uv disrespect fer you, gov'ner, but they was two or three times there that we couldn't hardly help snickerin' right out."

A Lobster Farm.

The following scheme for keeping live lobsters has been started by a Boston man in Southport, Me. A large cove has been purchased and dammed up so that it forms a salt water lake. When the lobsters are brought from the fishermen they are put into this lake and kept until later in the season, when fewer of the fish are caught and the price is higher. The dam is so built that a gate can be raised and the water let out and in again with the tide, thus having pure sea water at all times in the cove. As many as 5,000 lobsters can be kept in this place at a time. When the owner wants to get a lot he raises the gate at low tide, lets the water run out and then picks up all that he wants.

Rare Gentlemen.

Perhaps a gentleman is rarer than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small?—Thackaray.

Rapid Convalescence.

It is said that it doesn't take a northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented he generally says: "I guess I'm well enough to start for home this afternoon."

An Unlucky Block.

"Don't let us turn down this street." "Why not?" "Because it's unlucky for me to pass the next block. There are precisely thirteen people to whom I owe money living on it."

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* FREEMAN *
ILLUSTRATED

A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illus rated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.
The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

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It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

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It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

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CONFESSION.

I grant we wandered off alone,
  And stayed until the falling dew;
But, dear, I only went because
  I fancied that she looked like you.

I grant my arm around her waist
  Unwisely strayed. What could I do?
I had to draw her close to see
  If, in the dusk, she looked like you.

I grant upon her cheek I pressed
  A single kiss—no more? Well—two,
You never were content with one,
  And she—she looked so much like you.
—Bentley Parker.

MRS. RUSSEL'S OUTING.

"Oh, what a beautiful day! We shall have our row on the river after all. I was so afraid it would rain."

Thus spake Mrs. Phemie Russell to her young husband as she looked out of the window that bright June morning when she had been a bride three months.

"Oh, yes, it is a beautiful day," said Mr. Russell, tying his cravat at the glass; "but I've promised Burrows and Weldon to take a drive with them, and you see we'll put off our row."

Mrs. Russell said nothing; her pride was up. She could not have reproached him with making an engagement with others that broke upon it: but she took her first matrimonial chill in those words—her very first. Tom Russell had been longer about it than most men, but they all do it at last. Do what? you ask. Well, you know, show in some way that there is to be no more of that delicate, never-forgetful attention which makes a wife happier than house, or land, or gold, or any precious gift can. That it is his pleasure, not hers, that is to be considered henceforward.

And there was no apology; no explanation; he did not choose to do what he said he would, and she was not to question him.

She did not. But while they were at breakfast she spoke for the first time since her husband had put an end to her bright anticipations of some sweet hours on the river with him.

"I shall row to-day, Tom, whether you do or not. I shall probably find a boy who can handle the oars. Or I think I can manage them myself, perhaps."

"Nonsense, Phemie," said Tom; "you can't row—don't attempt it. We'll go out some other day. However, perhaps that little shaver at the boat-house can take you out."

"Perhaps," she said, and every woman knows exactly how she felt, and why she could not kiss her husband warmly as he went out to keep his appointment with his friends and leave her for the day. He has done nothing so very wrong, but it was something she could not have done for a kingdom.

"Well," she said to herself after half an hour of seclusion, in which she had shed some very bitter tears—"well, at least he shall find I do not care. I will prove myself as indifferent to him as he is to me. I will go out in a boat with the boy at the boat house and I will pretend that I have enjoyed myself very much, as he will, no doubt. And this is what it all comes to, is it? Well might dear mamma tell me that romance was soon over. His male acquaintances are more to him than I already—fast young fellows, for whom he has no friendship either."

Very angry by this time, she tossed on her hat and walked toward the boathouse. The boy was not there; only a sleepy old man, who said he would be away until noon; but she stood irresolutely beside her boat—hers, and named after her, the "Phemie"—a voice behind her uttered her name:

"Mrs. Russell!"

She turned. It was Decimus Roder who had spoken, and who now held out his hand with a very charming smile. He was a middle-aged bachelor, but very handsome.

"Delightful morning, Mrs. Russell, for a row."

"Yes," said Phemie. "I thought I should find the boy, but he's not here. I suppose I can't manage the boat myself?"

"Oh, no. A glance at those little hands tells me that," said Mr. Roder. "But here I am at your service. May I have the pleasure?"

"If it is wrong," said Mrs. Russell to herself, "it is Tom's fault for leaving me."

Then she gave a smiling "Yes, please," to Mr. Roder, and stepped into the boat which he pushed lightly from the shore.

Then, handling the oars deftly, he asked: "Where's Russell?—gone to town?"

"No," said Phemie; "gone off with some man."

"With the chance of being here?" said Mr. Roder. "Well, I can't understand that."

"But you will when you are a married man, Mr. Roder," said the wife, still smarting from the first wound to her self-esteem. "You know, when you've managed to make some lady altogether your own, how—"

She stopped, feeling that she was not doing right in speaking thus to handsome Bachelor Roder, but she had said enough. He had heard all he wanted to. One of those men who like flirtations with married women because they are less dangerous than those with girls, who expect them to culminate in offers of heart and hand, and more inexpensive to boot, he was always on the lookout for moments such as these, and knew that a woman is never so easily won into liking another man as when her husband has been neglectful, and her heart is sore, and he comes with the balm of flattery to soothe it.

"I think I must be different from most men," he said. "People say such things to me. But if I had a wife I know that I should———"

He broke off suddenly, looked into Phemie's eyes, and gave a little sigh; and so they rowed away together down the river.

Mr. Roder was a good oarsman, and they had gone a long way when certain flowers upon the bank tempted Phemie with their brightness. Roder was too gallant not to get them for her, and while he was pinching them for them she too stepped out and came to help him. It was a pretty place and they lingered for some time under the great elm that shaded it, and when at last a peep at Phemie's watch told her how late it was, they hurried back to the boat. It was gone!

"You tied it, of course, Mrs. Russell?" said Roder.

And Phemie's conscience smote her. She had forgotten to tie it—forgotten it altogether. It had floated away, and in vain did Roder run along the bank and peer down the river. It was not in sight.

"And," said Roder, "I don't know that there's another boat to be had. I'll try, though."

He did try, but though he spent two hours in the search, no boat was to be had.

"And we can't walk home," he said in answer to Phemie's declaration that they must. "You can't imagine the distance by the road, or what a road it is. All we can do is to go on a little way. There is a hotel up yonder on the hill; we will take lunch—you must be starved—and we can hire a trap to go home in. Walk? My dear Mrs. Russell, it would take us until midnight."

Poor Phemie yielded to necessity and they went to the hotel together and a lunch was presently placed before them. As for a conveyance one was expected in an hour. "But," added the informant, "we can't be sure. No calculating, positively."

"And it is 3 o'clock," said Phemie.

"Yes," said Mr. Roder. "Yes, it is certainly 3 o'clock. Fate has been kinder to me than I hoped. I shall have the whole day with you."

But Phemie was thinking of Tom, and the delicate morsel set before her seemed to choke her. What would Tom say? Yet perhaps she would be home before he was, after all. She prayed that she might. And yet it served Tom exactly right, too; and if he could only be moderately jealous, not furiously so, "all would end well."

Then she tried to talk to Mr. Roder, watching for the carriage all the while, but the hour passed without bringing it; and another had done when the landlord came out upon the lawn and remarked encouragingly, that dinner would surely bring back the folks with the carriage.

"And when shall we be home?" asked Phemie of Roder.

"About 10 o'clock to-night," said he.

"But there was a carriage—"

"That's not one of ours, though," said the landlord. "Those are strangers."

The carriage rattled up. Three gentlmen sprang out.

"I protest!" cried one. "My wife will be anxious."

"It does wives good to be anxious," said another, who had evidently had something to drink. "Begin as you are going on. Don't be too attentive; it makes 'em troublesome."

"Women," said the third, who had had more to drink than his friend and had been made very solemn by it "women are exacting by nature. You must show them that man is the superior and has (hic) gotariterdoashesaminter. Let's have some champagne."

"Well, you may be right in a measure," began the first. Then he paused and started, and made a rush forward.

"Phemie," he cried, "how do you come here?" and he regarded her escort with a frown.

"I didn't tie the boat, and it got away," said Phemie.

"The pleasure of a row with Mrs. Russell has ended in a little accident," said Mr. Roder. "We are waiting for a conveyance which was expected back at the hotel."

Tom looked at his Phemie. It was a decisive moment. But she found herself equal to it.

"You know I wanted a row this morning," she said quietly. "I always have what I want, somehow, and as you had no time, and Mr. Roder had, why, Mr. Roder took me out. I've enjoyed myself very, very much. Mr. Roder is a better oarsman than you, Tom, really, and we have had a most delightful lunch."

The party went home in two wagonettes that night, Mr. Roder between the two gentlemen who had aired their views on the woman question. Phemie and Tom together.

"And when you desire to go anywhere, Phemie," said Thomas as they drove through the moonlight, "remember I am always ready to escort you."

And Phemie always found him so.

APHORISMS.

Fire and sword are but blow engines in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

Never say you know a man till you have divided an inheritance with him.—Lavater.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

Sin has many forms, each of which is a tool of the devil, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—O. W. Holmes.

Men don't go around nowadays trying to break girl's hearts. But very good men can be thoughtless and selfish.—W. D. Howells.

I had rather never receive a kindness, than never bestow one. Not to return a benefit is the greater sin, but not to confer it is the earlier.—Seneca.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneasy and strangers merry by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they really do not feel.—Graves.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—Samuel Johnson.

A Blonde.

"You say that you saw the runaway, ma'am," said Lawyer Sharp to Miss Priscilla Primm at a trial at which damages were asked for injuries done by a runaway horse. "Will you please describe the horse?"

"I don't know as I can very accurately, sir, as I saw it for a moment only; but I remember that it was a blonde animal and—"

"Silence in the court?" roared the judge.

A MAN CAN'T DO THEM.

Good Enough for Some Things but Not for Others.

There is always something comical about a man's attempt to do a woman's work. And the fun of the thing is, that a man never realizes that he cannot do it properly. There isn't a man on the footstool who does not privately entertain the opinion that if he should only set himself about it, he could do anything better than any woman. But he can't, and all the women know it.

He means well, no doubt, but somehow he doesn't seem to have the faculty.

His wife goes on a visit to her mother, and he keeps house. Now, he will tell Brown that he can cook a meal as well as the best woman that ever lived; but if he should see Brown and some of the boys coming up to his house to dinner, he would bolt the door and lie low till they went away.

He never can touch a kettle without getting soiled. He can't handle the fire-irons without burning his fingers. He never thinks to hang up any towels; he keeps them on the floor where they will be handy. A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give orders to the butcher, and witness the way her neighbor is hanging out her clothes—and she can do it all at once and not half try.

Is there a man living who can hold fifteen pins in his mouth, and fit a dress waist, and talk over the scandal about the new minister at the same time? Of course there is not, and yet a woman can do it easily, and enjoy it, too.

A man will work diligently half the forenoon to find a shirt button, and when he has found it, it will be three sizes too large for the button-hole, and then he will begin to thread his needle. And he will squint, and take aim, and sweat, and swear, and the thread will slip right by the needle every time, and if he ever does get the needle threaded it will be such a big needle that it will split the button clean in two, and he will find himself exactly where he started from.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street cars, and light the great cities of the world. Oh, yes, we are willing to admit that man has done his part, but he couldn't pour castor oil into a colicky baby without spilling it all over the baby's clothes, to save his life.

Testing Bankers' Clerks.

Many large banking and business houses make it a practice to "test" their employes holding responsible positions every year or two. These tests are made in the following manner: Jones, Smith & Co., bankers, call on the principal of a detective agency and arrange to have all their employes "tested." The start is made, say, with their cashier. When he leaves his house in the morning for the office he is "taken up" by the "shadow," and only left when he reaches the office. The shadow is on hand again at noon, and "sees" him to lunch and safe back to the office. The indefatigable shadow is ready for him again at the close of business hours, and then does not lose sight of him until he retires for the night. By this means the shadow can account for every minute of his man's time. Of course, if the man should "drop" the shadow is withdrawn. The test is continued from three days to a week generally, but where there is any cause for suspicion it is kept up much longer. These tests give the employer a thorough knowledge of all the habits and associations of his employes, and have frequently proved of inestimable value.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Was a Smiler.

His hat was old, his coat was worn,
His shoes were cracked, his trousers torn,
  Yet he was always smiling.
His nose from frequent draughts, was red;
Far richer he'd have been, 'tis said,
  Had it not been for smiling.

To the Press.

You who have changed the darksome night
  With learning's torch to smiling dawn,
Fight on for manhood and for right.
  Oh, mighty press! press on, press on.

An Understanding at Last.

Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for about fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke:

"Miss Autumn you are pretty"——

"Oh, Mr. Widower!"

"You are pret"——

"How can you, Mr. Widower?"

"I started to say that you are pretty"——

"Oh, you horrid man; stop!"

"Condemn it all, woman," shouted Mr. Widower, rising and breaking for the door. "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, demme, I think you're twice as old."

Queer French Plows.

French plows are very queer indeed, and our farmers would hardly know what to do with them, as may be judged by a view of the one called "simple," and it is simple as compared with many of them. Don't for a moment suppose that the "business" on top is a governor to regulate the speed with, for you would surely get taken in. It is simply a device with which to regulate the depth.

Reasonable.

Doctor (to messenger boy): "So yo' mammy say ez what de yarbs ain' done her no good? Wait er minnit." (Consults book): I-yi! I thought so. Ask you' mammy how she spec' de yarbs to ack when de bili ain' paid."

A Friendly Warning.

Mr. White (of Blacktown): "See heah, Mr. Johnson, I'se awful mad at you, sah." Mr. Johnson: "G'way fum me, man. Ef you fool eround me you'll be madder den what you is."

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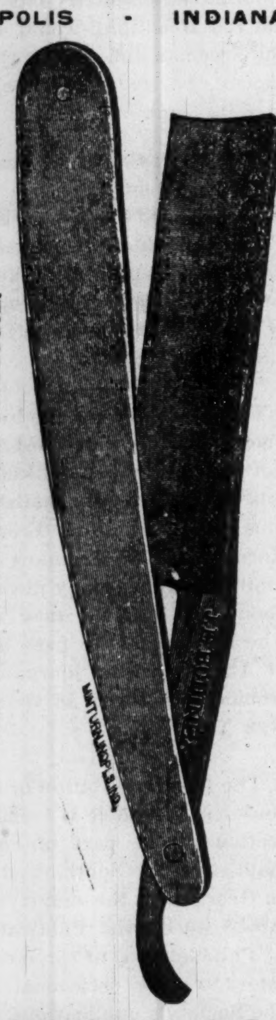

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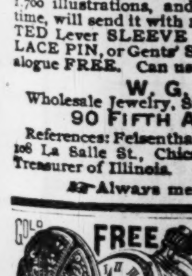

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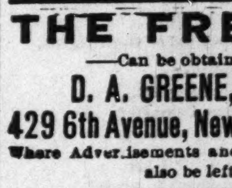

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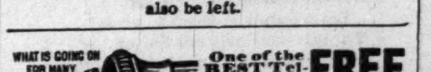

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THE BARNWELL BUTCHERY.

When will it cease, this wholesale slaughter of colored men? Will the American nation never be awakened from its sluggish sleep of indifference and demand in the name of humanity and civilization, if there be no law to prevent it, that these barbarous doings must come to an end.

According to authenticated reports, this last tragedy puts to blush and shame the many that have preceded it in that ill-starred section of the country for many years. Not until the American people of the North, that element that fought the battles of the war for continuity of the Union, comprehends the real animus of these massacres, will public opinion, carrying all before it, compel a cessation of these terrible crimes. The colored man is not hated in the South because he is a colored man pure and simple, with the stamp of midnight upon his brow, but because, as a result of the war, he stands clothed in the raiment of citizenship, the peer in the law of the whitest white man. The South is familiar with the Negro, has been nursed, fed, suckled and served by him, and in that capacity found no fault with him. Nay, before the war, in the old ante-bellum days, it was the sneering boast of Southern chivalry that it was worth the life of a common white man to lay his hands with violence upon one of their "faithful servants." But now things are changed. The "black boy" is no longer a slave. The shackles have dropped away from him and with them the solicitation of the former lords of the soil. Certainly the path before the Negro looks dark and threatening. His way seems rough and stormy. Every Negro of the South is a living, animated reminder to the chivalry of that section of their changed condition and the mad folly that drove them into a war upon their Northern brethren, from which they emerged beaten and humbled before the world. Lhey may never hope to try the contest over again, and regain by the arbitrament of arms the prestige sacrificed to overweening ambition, but they can do the next best thing: they can hate with an unceasing, bitter hate the North and all things unpleasant to them that the North is accountable for. The North is accountable for the Negro in his new and changed condition. In a certain sense he is a protege of the loyal element that saved the Union, hence he must be hated, persecuted, hunted, murdered. Given the slightest pretext, a Negro's life is worth less than a dog's with the red-handed buccaneers of the South. The spirit is the old pro-slavery one of hell and hatred for the North. Sometime the North, the white men of the North, will realize it, and realizing it will beat it back to the earth out of sight, never to rear its slimy head again. In the language of the Indianapolis News, "We may say that there is no remedy for it; but as sure as civilization continues it can not endure."

THE LEAGUE.

Culminating events, such as the Barnwell butchery and the Jackson, Miss., manifesto, that "white people" should continue to rule in Jackson, are but later evidences of the necessity and wisdom of organization and cooperation among the colored people of the country. Public opinion must be awakened and aroused, the nation must be set to thinking, and the general pulse taught and educated to respond to the end that, as American citizens in the law, we shall have accorded to us that protection and consideration due us as the same. In union there is indeed strength, purpose, convincement. Let us unite. Let us invade Chicago, each one feeling himself a committee of one to say, urge or do something for the race. The man who joins the league with no higher motive than self-laudation or glory, will be no benefit to the same, but a hindrance and harm. "Nine millions a giant;" but we have drifted indifferently, purposeless, quite long enough. Political parties have become our bain. The antidote lies with ourselves. We are on trial as to whether we have race pride, ambition, pluck, cohesiveness, consanguinity of opinion, unanimity of aim and effort. What will the verdict be? The ides of January will tell. The State convention held in this city last week was a complete success. The enthusiasm was sincere and earnest. The colored citizens of Indiana are becoming awakened, and why not? The fever for race protection is in the air. Like the cholera, it is contagious, and goes everywhere. The league is the thing. On to Chicago.

THE SLAVE MOTHER'S STORY.

'Twas as we sat one evening
 Beside the cabin door,
Forgetting quite the sorrows
 Which all our lives we bore.

And talked of bliss and heaven
 With rapture and in tears,
The golden streets and angels
 Who live beyond the sphere.

Old master came with fetters
 And bound my daughter tight,
For he that day sold sold her
 And she must go that night.

I saw the traders take her;
 I heard their jests profane,
As from the dear old cabin
 She went in galling chain.

I saw them treat her rudely
 Insult to her face
For they had bought my daughter
 For barter and disgrace:

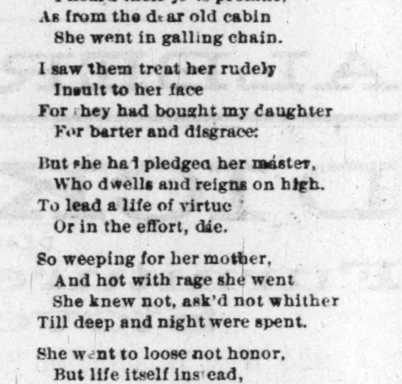
But she had pledged her master,
 Who dwells and reigns on high.
To lead a life of virtue
 Or in the effort, die.

So weeping for her mother,
 And hot with rage she went
 She knew not, ask'd not whither
Till deep and night were spent.

She went to loose not honor,
 But life itself instead,
For news comes shortly to us
 "Thy daughter, now, is dead."

Sleep on my child till judgement,
 Thy sacred dust shall rise,
And thy shall judge thy masters
 From throner withing the skies.

Thus spoke a mother to me,
 As through the South I went



A VAIN ASSERTION.

Big Calf: Get out of the way or 'ill step on you, you're nbody.

Barnyard Fowl: You'l change your tune if you heard how people kick when there's veal in chicken salad.

To find out why the Negroes,
 As slaves were out centent.

And, as I heard her story
 And saw furrowed face,
And had the proof from many
 The thing had taken place.

I felt the blood go coursing
 Through all my manly frame,
Ay! felt as they did, who fought
 To free one land from shame,

But I should not grow angry,
 The slave is free to-day,
The horrors of his bondage
 With it must pass away.

Yet, like some field of battle,
 All strewed with wound men
When cannon cease their thunder
 And peace has come again.

The South is covered over
 With marr'd and battered forms,
Who, in their state of surfdom,
 Brook'd fierce and bitter storms.

Their minds, and hearts and bodies
 Have each alike been crushed;
'Tis ours to help these weak ones.
 So shall their cries be hushed.

Then let us help the Freedmen—
 Help make their lot secure;
Help educate their children,
 And make them wise and pure.

Help make their homes a comfort—
 Their rights let 's help maintain;
Help them when truly worthy,
 Destination proud attain.

And when the late oppressor
 Lifts high his hand and smites
The ignorant and helpless,
 Because they they plead their rights,

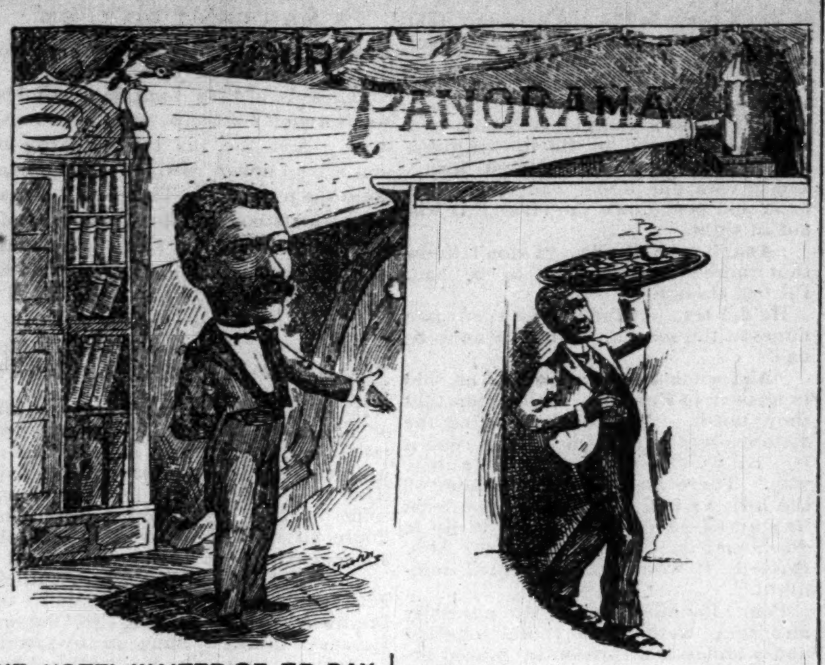
O! Let us one and many,
 Take up the Negro's part,
And tell the psuedo master
 Just all that's in our heart.

Ay! tell him by our protests
 From pulpit, stump and press
Till this our Christian Nation
 Shall each vile wrong redress.

—Trage.

WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.



THE HOTEL WAITER OF TO-DAY.

Qualities Characteristic of Him.—Acquisition of "Tips."—The Predominating Element.

There are several classes of hotel waiters, each class differing in a great many respects, one from the other, to a very large extent.

But, in the matter of "tips," they are all alike.

They all will strain every nerve, bend every effort and take the most desperate chances in that particular direction.

And, "don't you forget" the guest that "tips" the waiter fares best every time.

THE BULLDOZING WAITER.

He is quarrelsome, disagreeable and never pleasant. He belongs to the knock-down and drag-out order, and is never happier than when on the war path.

He can paint the dining room or kitchen any color you will have it. For instance, red as blood or black as h—. He can knock you down "just for fun, to see Jack run," and then raise you up again, but that's nothing, he can raise "hail Columbia," he can raise "Cain" from the dead, and he can go way down in the lower regions and raise the "devil and Tom Walker."

He likes also to "raise the wind," (tips) and will resort to any means, or make any sacrifice to that end. If necessary, and possible, he will bring in the entire cuirine, chef and all in order to obtain that paltry "tip."

He is admired and liked (out of sight) by his fellow-waiters. He has lots of friends and well-wishers---to get.

He always has a good job—to find, and he is generally known by the hotel fraternity far and near to be N. G. He is known as one who delights in adding insult to injury and making bad worse on the slightest provocation. He brags on his fighting qualities and depends more on his muscles and his limited number of pennies than he does on his brains and gentlemanly instincts, for whatever success he may hope to meet with.

But, he finally winds up in a court of justice where he has no friends; and where he is made to realize the fact that a good character is better than a bad one, and that "a friend in court is better than a penny in the purse."

THE DUDE OR THE HIGH-TONED WAITER.

He is a little too "toney" for the position he fills, a trifle too haughty for the station he occupies, and somewhat too independent to be so awfully dependent. However, "small openings (tips) are thankfully received" by him, "and large ones in proportion." He never minds stooping to conquer

when the conquest is in the shape of a "tip."

It is not his choice to thus stoop, but force of circumstances whips him up to it.

He lives way beyond his means; wears fine clothes, smokes the best cigars and takes in all the entertainments.

He is a great society man, very fond of ladies company and dresses in the height of fashion. In fact he always has a plenty on his back, a little in his pocket and nothing in his head.

He is a dude of the first water, and has more regard for his looks than for his comfort. He never wears his hat, collars, shoes, etc., but allows those articles to wear him.

Still, he is like his brothers; he never loses interest in you, nor never takes that eye off of you, he has open to business (tips) until you have paid your bill and gone.

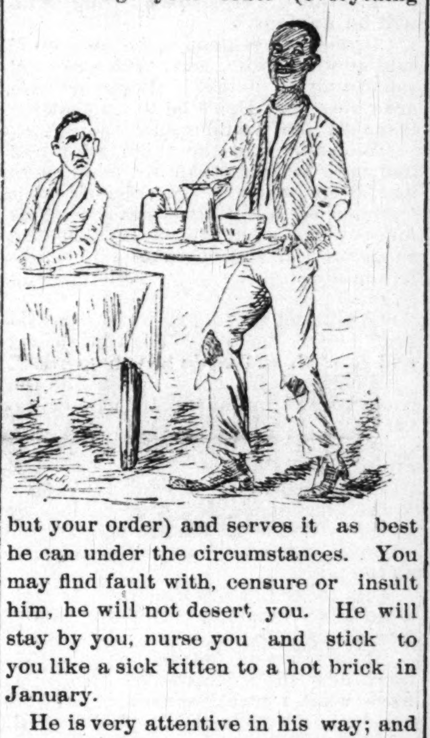
THE DRUNKARD, OR DRINKING WAITER.

He never, well hardly ever, draws a sober breath. He keeps himself "barreled up," full to the brim, and being full he gets a head on like that of a drum—"tight."

He is full of gossip too, he is familiar on short acquaintance and can give you more chin music for less "tips" than any other waiter in the dining room.

He laughs heartily, sings loud and is generally boisterious.

He brings your order (everything



but your order) and serves it as best he can under the circumstances. You may find fault with, censure or insult him, he will not desert you. He will stay by you, nurse you and stick to you like a sick kitten to a hot brick in January.

He is very attentive in his way; and trys to be polite and courteous, laboring under the false delusion that there is a "tip" in store for him, he having contributed so much to the contrary, by his habits, ways and actions, notwithstanding.

(Continued in next issue.)

Miss Swissler, of Leavenworth, Kan., held the lucky number which drew the $300 piano, advertised by J. G. Brewster, who gave, for every dollar's worth of groceries purchased of him, a ticket, entitling the holder to one chance on the piano. Miss Swissler is a colored girl, and we congratulate her upon her success. The piano was delivered to her residence Monday.

Col. Samuel W. McKinley, of Charleston, S. C., has been appointed a special agent of the Treasury Department.

An Afro-American, of Mississippi, left property valued at $1,700 to the Baptist Home Mission Society.

Exhibition Prayer.

Chaplain Trone of the Missouri legislature not long since attended a reunion in northern Arkansas, says the St. Louis Republic, and made such a good talk that an old farmer, who was present, hearing that the orator was a preacher, said he would like to hear him pray.

"What do you want me to pray for?" asked the chaplain.

"Oh, anything will do," was the reply. "I just want to hear what kind of a prayer you can make."

"Well," replied the chaplain, "when I make an exhibition prayer up at Jefferson City the state of Missouri always pays me for it. It wouldn't be fair for me to do it for you for nothing."

AFRICA OR AMERICA, WHICH?

The settlement of the whole business, Dr. Blyden says, would be to send half of our Negro population to Africa.—Editorial in Atlanta Constitution.

The Dr. Blyden referred to is the celebrated Rev. Edward Blyden, Liberia, West Coast of Africa, educator, author, diplomat and colonizationist.

The sentiment of the selection I take for a text is predicated upon the theory that the races will never come closer together in this country; that the men of no race, that is, mulattoes, will make the most trouble; and that our system of education tends to make politicians and bosses of the colored people generally.

I do not propose to find fault with Dr. Blyden's statement of what the elements of the problem really are, although I believe it subject to numerous exceptions and limitations. I design merely to combat his theory of African colonization as a practical and attainable remedy.

The changing of the ratio of the two races to one another in several of the Southern States and in many districts in all of them might, after all, present the easiest and most satisfactory solution of the problem. But it should be attempted only in the direction of the least resistance. Colonization in Africa is not that direction. If half the Negro population must go, which half must you take? The illiterate and penniless half, or the intelligent and thrifty half? And what if half the Negro population—which is most likely—should flatly refuse to budge towards Africa? Who is going to be cruel enough, even granting he could secure the legal right to make the attempt, which is by no means probable, to tear them from the homes they have built for themselves in this country? But, assume that the colored people would cheerfully join in the enterprise, where are the ships and the money necessary to carry it into execution to come from? Half the colored people is not far from four million souls—four thousand ship loads of one thousand souls each, requiring an army of sailors at least four times the strength of our present standing army to successfully transport them. The cost could not be far from two hundred and fifty dollars per capita—ten billions of dollars! The cost kills it.

If it has it not already, Africa is destined soon to suffer with as well developed a case of race problem fever as we ourselves are suffering with. White men are industriously parceling out the Dark Continent among themselves under one pretext or another, and the aborigines must fight for what they rule. The struggle will be fierce and long, and when the aborigines are defeated their ultimate fate will not be greatly different from that which overtook the American aborigines. The mass of the American colored people are devoid of the traits of character and culture requisite to profitable participation in such a conflict, hence they should keep away.

But, as I have suggested above, although African colonization presents too many obstacles, still, it might not be unwise to inquire if immigration and emigration might not be so conducted as to alter the ratio of the two races to one another in given localities in a way that will reduce the fear of dominating black majorities, and hence, also, the temptation to violence and intimidation to restrain them, to a minimum. Sixty millions of high spirited white people, armed with all the wealth and power of the nation, should not continue to fear and abuse ten millions of harmless but useful paupers. Might not white immigration be diverted to black belts? and might not black emigration be turned into neighboring white districts? As it is the Nation's problem, why not let Congress offer a bounty to white men going to black districts, and to black men going into white districts?

HENRY CLAY GRAY.

Montgomery, Texas.

An Unpardonable Sin.

The lack of an exalted and refined education can, up to this time; be excused in an American colored man, but the man who essays to teach and is too indolent or ignorant to prepare himself in the least for his task, commits an unpardonable sin against his disciples. The minister who is too indifferent to custom to spell ordinary monosyllables should shut himself up with a master in his room for six months; the people could better affrd to pay him for trying to study spellin han to pay ... humbug hem.—Christian Recorder.

Heard Him Once Too Often.

Bilks: "Come up and hear our new minister to-day." Nobbs: "No thanks; I heard him once and have always regretted it." Bilks: "Why, I guess you are mistaken." Nobbs: "Not a bit of it; he is the minister who married us."

Rev. C. C. Stumm will soon introduce a paper into the journalistic field to be called the Christian Banner.

According to the American Catholic Tribune, the next congress of colored Catholics will be held at Cincinnati.

Mr. Geo Mitchell of Columbus, O., has been appointed docket clerk, by a recently elected police justice of that city.

Miss Mickie Cook has been promoted to the position of assistant principal in the Normal School at Washington, D. C.

The Alabama Colored State Teachers Association meets at Tuskegee in April; and that of Georgia meets at Americus in May.

Miss Martha Hall, of Media, Pa., has been appointed to a position in the Government Printing Office at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Henry T. Bailey' the 4th colored man to graduate at Harvard College has been added to the faculty of Tuskegee, Ala.

Geo. W. Cable has greviously offended the white population of the South in general and Mr. Henry W. Grady in particular by becoming the guest of Mr. J. C. Napier, of Nashville for a short time.

If there is any one newspaper editor that should be supported and appreciated it is E. E. Cooper, editor of The Freeman Indianapolis, Ind., The Freeman is an honor to Negro Journalism.—The Bee.

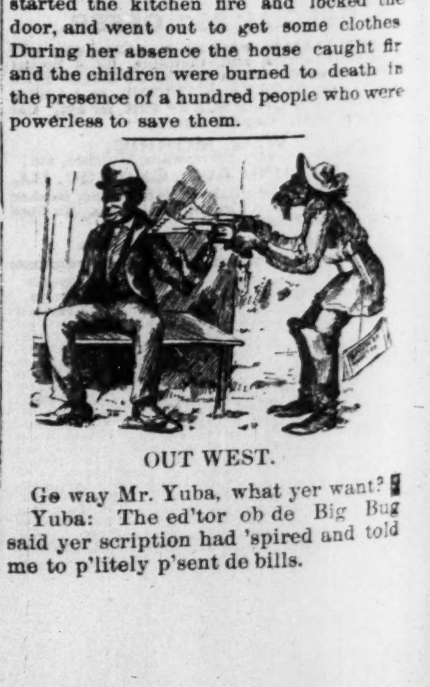
The Memphis Headlight regrets the wrangle between The Freeman and its handbill contemporary but we wager that the Headlight would do just as The Freeman did, under the circumstances, "bruise the reptiles head" and wash its hand.

Hon. H. P. Cheatham has prepared and will introduce a bill in the Fifty-first Congress, the purpose of which will be to create a commission to inquire into a report upon the material, industrial and mental progress made by the colored people of the United States since 1865.

The Journalist for the holidays is a jimdandy. It will interest Afro-American newspaper men to know that in this issue of the Journalist Mr. Fortune has an article on "From the Ram's Horn," in which he takes the opportunity of saying many pleasant things about the brilliant men and women who have made the past and present of Afro-American journalism such a tremendous force in the country.—New York Age.

The latest exhibition of foolish, yes, senseless prejudice is found in the objection on the part of certain white Baptists of the South, and notably in in Georgia, to the employment by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia, of three colored ministers to write occasional articles for the Society's publications. Revs. W. J. Simmons, D. D. of Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Brooks of Washington, D. C., and E. K. Love, D. D., of Savannah, Ga., are the men that these men of transcendent prejudice object to.—Georgia Baptist.

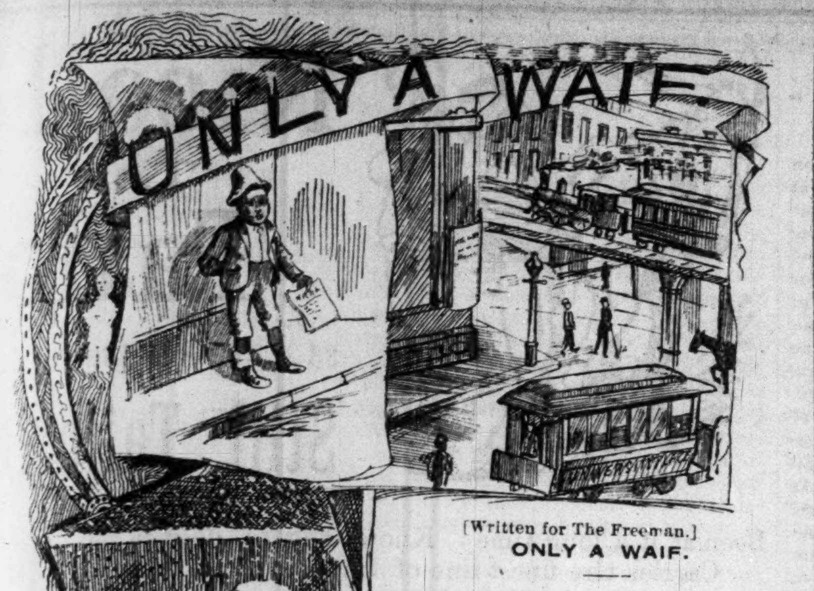
Three children of Mrs. Lena Schip were burned to death at their home in Omaha, shortly afto eight o'clock, Thursday morning. One was a boy of seven years, another a girl of four, and the third a baby boy six months old. The woman's husband deserted her eight months ago, and she has since been earning her living by taking in washing. Thursday morning she started the kitchen fire and locked the door, and went out to get some clothes During her absence the house caught fir and the children were burned to death in the presence of a hundred people who were powerless to save them.



OUT WEST.

Go way Mr. Yuba, what yer want?

Yuba: The ed'tor ob de Big Bug said yer scription had 'spired and told me to p'litely p'sent de bills.



[Written for The Freeman.]

ONLY A WAIF.

I.

"Only a waif" are the words that he said
As he shivered and looked at his feet so red.
"No mother, no father, clothes tattered and torn,
I'm only a waif left all alone."

II.

"Only a waif begging something to eat,
As I tramp up and down the cold, cheerless street.
No sisters, no brothers my fate to bemoan,
Only a waif, forced ever to roam."

III.

"Only a waif, and I've nowhere to sleep
Save where the bright stars their vigil do keep;
No friends and no kindred, I am tramping alone;
Only a waif, with no place to call home."

IV.

Only a waif, so they found him next day,
As stiff and as cold as the ground where he lay;
So young, so innocent, only nine years old,
Only a waif, friendless, out in the cold.

V.

Only a waif steming the winds' cold blow;
They found him that morning all covered with snow,
Covered all over in his white snowy bed;
Only a waif, in the streets found dead.

VI.

Only a waif; they buried him that day
Far down through the snow in the bosom of clay;
No marble did they place at his feet or his head,
He sleeps with the earth in his cold, damp bed.

W. F. FONVIELLE.

Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C.

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR,

The New South and Its People.

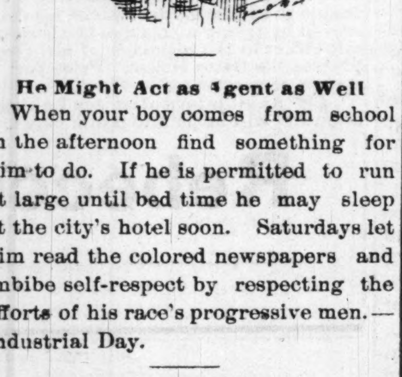
Pensacola, Fla., Special.

Thankful to Almighty God for my existence and prosperity, to you for space in your most excellent journal, to the colored (and a portion of the white) citizens of Pensacola for their liberal patronage during this year. I will now make my last attempt to say some thing concerning this point for this memorable, blessed and prosperour year. It is an indesputable fact that they have been bountifully blessed, considering they live in the southland, that they have liberally patronized race journals, and said a great many good things for them, that they have apent a respectable portion of their earnings in a wise and profitable manner, that they have cut their eye tooth politically, that some of them has settled beyond controversy their business abilities that some of them has settled beyond a reasonable doubt that they are school masters and mistresses of mark and distinquish fitness, that a portion of the clergy are determined to keep even if not beyond their congregations, that a handsome portion of the ladies have shown their competency as house keepers as seen by a visit to their abode, their drawing rooms most handsomely and costly furnished kitchen and corridors neat and clean, that an appreciable number of them are condemning the wrong mode of worship and, that they have said by their deeds, words and actions that they are determined to keep pace with this enlightened and progressive age so far as they are able and circumstances will permit.

Now as to myself and what I have said as a correspondent for this year. I any glad indeed to note the wonderful change made by the colored people as to their race pride as manifested by their support of race papers and hope that they will make an improvement next year. I cannot find words adequate to express my thanks to kind, race-loving admirable and most worthy school mistress who has said so many good things for my paper. To the self called, self styled politician ignoramuses and other things in the shape of man holding, pot-washing positions who have not missed an opportunity to damn me and manufactured the most flagrant lies about what "they said I said about them I only ask them to desist telling their lies, seek something that will benefit them and congratulate themselves for being spared the rebuke that they so justly deserve. All that I have said concerning our people I hope that it will prove in some way beneficial to them, and others who have not seen us will know that a portion of us are deter-to march in the vast army of progressive Americans to higher and nobler things. That was my sole aim.

In an editorial relative to the defeat of the Democratic party in trying to plunge Jacksonville into a $750.000 debt a few weeks ago, the Daily News here said it was owing to the Negro vote and hanged them with being ignorant and so forth. The editorial also says that in the near future that the Negroes here will be tried in a similar way and hope that they will make a better showing than their brothers of Jacksonville. I can say for the information of the News that the colored gentlemen of Jacksonville Pensacola or any other American city are not all fools and hereafter if that party that entire control of counting our voters if they will count them as they are cast, it soon see that we intend to have an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Here in Pensacola we are taxed without representation still we are expected to plunge the city into an enormous debt for the benefit of a chosen few so as to enable them to rivet the chains tighter and firmer upon us so far, representation is concerned. The colored man has no inducements offered him by this "friendly" party to the Negro to aid it in all such move and if it will count his vote as cast it will find that 98 per cent of that vote will be "no bond."

At 113 Baylen street between Intendencia and Romana is one of the cosiest, best kept, best governed most reasonable, the neatest and best regulated barbershops here owned by colored gentlemen. The proprietor, ex-deputy city marshal John Smith, is the sensible man who stands far above all color line, and serves who ever calls in a polish, agreeable and satisfactorily manner. He enjoys the trade of some of the foremost citizens and employs only workmen that will meeted all the requirements exact of a barber.



He Might Act as Agent as Well

When your boy comes from school in the afternoon find something for him to do. If he is permitted to run at large until bed time he may sleep at the city's hotel soon. Saturdays let him read the colored newspapers and imbibe self-respect by respecting the efforts of his race's progressive men.—Industrial Day.

Far Away in the Future.

The real new South will not be created until no white man lives who has ever owned a slave and no colored man lives who has ever called a man master. A man cannot vote quite freely under the eye of the man who once owned him.—Indianapolis Journal.

And Indianapolis Also.

There are four women in the Boston school board and two Negroes in the Boston common council. There's an example for Buffalo!—Buffalo Express.

Thomas Jefferson's Prophesy.

"Nothing is more clearly written in the Book of Destiny than the emancipation of the blacks; and it is equally certain that the two races will never live in a State of equal freedom under the same government, so insurmountable are the barriers which nature, habit and opinion have established between them."

THE NEGRO DEMOCRACY.

Our Spicy and Newsy Augusta Letter. Points, Personal and Otherwise.

Augusta, Ga., Special to The Freeman.

The Southern Appeal, a newspaper published at Atlanta, is the latest attempt at cocering the Negro into the Democratic party. The editor heads his editorial column of a week or so ago with a squib which reads thus: "Encouaage Negro Democracy." Just in that connection we would beg to inform the distinguished editor of the Appeal, who has not moral courage or manhood enough to give his name, or rather, we did not see it and we looked pretty close, that if the Negro Democracy" of which he speaks is of the Henry Grady stamp, he can put us down as an outside party, and if the Negro is to go into the Democratic party at all, we favor his going into a party that will exclude him entirely from the "Jim Crow Cars" of the south, and put him in at least a decent coach. Give him equal educational advantages and pay him the same salary in the public schools as the whites for fhe same work. The Appeal, we think, can be safely armed as a piece of a "bombastic newspaper malignity" that is of course if it can be accredited with the dignified name of a newspaper. As a parting salute to the unknown scribe who prints the Appeal, we would say "Nigger, you ain't fitten to be fitten."

Mr, Jas. L. Hudson and Miss Mamie L. Brown, both of this city, were married at Trinity A. M. E. church Thursday night, Dec. 19. A host of friends were present to congratulate the happy couple. Success to you, friend Jimmie.

The Haines N. & I. schools new building is rapidly nearing completion. Miss L. C. Laney is principal and deserves credit for her success.

The Freeman's article, "A word concerning ourselves," was a daisy. No words of commendation would be too good for it.

In our next we will review Augustus leading colored business men of all vocations. It will show that the colored men in Augusta "are coming," in the different pursuits from which to obtain a livelihood.

Mr. Thomas L. Coltin, an old Augusta boy, was in the city last week. He came down from Atlanta, where he is in attendance at Clark University to attend the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Ed. S. Coltin. He returned Friday morning, the 20th inst. to Woodburn, Neb.

I Wonder if Everybody Knows

Good Housekeeping.

That the best covering for a poultice or a mustard paste is tissue paper.

That hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

That the best and most convenient cover for a jelly tumbler is thin paper fastened over the top of the glass by a rubber band.

That the best way to clear out and straighten the fringe of towels, doilies, etc., before ironing, is is to comb it, while damp, with an inch length of coarsest toilet comb.

That pleasant, rainy-day work for the older children is to be found in the making of a scrap book of the portraits of noted men and women, the portraits to be obtained from publishers' catalogues, magazines, newspapers and other available sources.

Thursday the electrical execution machines at Sing Sing prison, New York, were tested by a committee for the State, composed of Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, Dr. . D. Rockwell, Dr. P. H. Landy and electrical assistants. The tests clearly howed that the dynamos were even more deadly than had been represented. When run at less than the ordinary number of revolutions per minute the electrical pressure was found to exceed 1,600 volts, instead of being only 1,000. This proves that at about 300 times a second the pressure runs above 2,000 volts.

DANIEL A. RUDD, ESQ.,

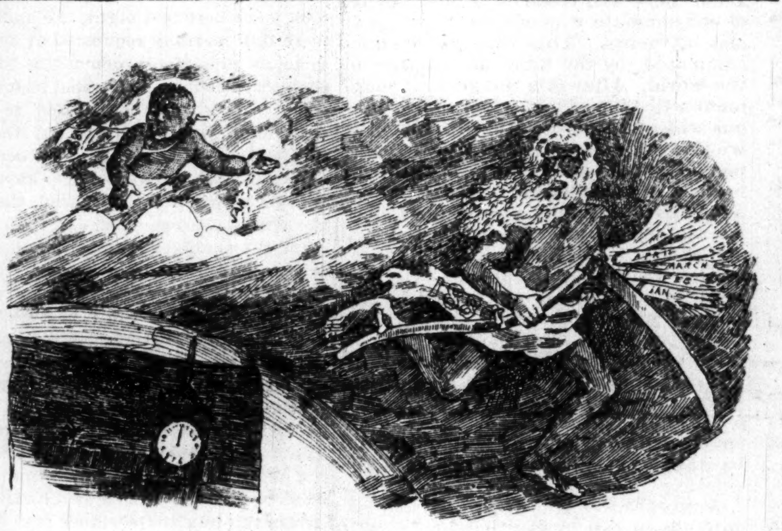
Editor and Proprietor of the American Catholic Tribune. The Only Negro Catholic Organ Published.

The subject of this sketch is a southern man by birth, having been born in Bardstown, Ky., in 1854, of Catholic parents. His early education was received in Bardstown, Ky., and finished in Springfield, O. From a mere boy, he was always wide awake, and energetic, and was formost in every move which tended to elevate and improve his race. We first hear of him, as a newspaper man, as editor of the Springfield Review, a paper whose success was wavering, and whose life was short, owing to a lack of support and appreciation on the part of the colored people. We next hear of him as editor and advocate of the inter-state conference, which was held in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1884. He has been an active worker in Ohio politics, and was among the foremost in securing the abrogation of the black laws, so ably championed by Bishop Arnett and Senator Eli. Being of Catholic parentage, he saw the need of a Catholic organ, through which the colored people could be reached; and feeling that this great church should be enlisted in the cause of the Negro, he established the American Catholic Tribune, at Cincinnati, in 1886. The success of the paper has been phenomenal. When it was made known that such an enterprise was started, he readily secured the assistance, and co-operation of the priests and bishops of the entire Catholic church in America. The Tribune has a paid up circulation, running up into the thousands, and is, perhaps making more cash money than any newspaper in the country published by colored men.

Mr. Rudd gives regular employment to five traveling men as agents, and owns his entire outfit, type, press, etc. He was the prime mover, and it was through him, that the first Catholic congress ever held in the U. S. met in Washington, Jan. 3rd, '89, and in Baltimore, Nov, 11 and 12, '89. It was at this congress that Mr. Rudd was elected delegate to the inter-United States congress, for the suppression of slave trade, called at Luceone, Switzerland, August 3rd, '89.

Mr. Rudd went as delegate, and spent two months in Europe. He is president of the Colored Catholic Executive Committee of the United States and has called another Catholic congress, to meet in Cincinnati sometime in '90.

Mr. Rudd is a thorough newspaper man; being an adept as editor and manager. He is also an orator of considerable ability, and has contributed as much as any one Negro in the United States to the advancement of the Negro and of the amelioration of his condition.



All articles intended for this column should be addressed to "Trage" Providence, R. I., before Saturday of each week. Queries concerning the stage answered through this column, and not by mail. Artists please send their routes for publication free of charge.

A troupe of colored people of Shelbyville, Tenn., is preparing for the production of Richard III in that city. A. R. Winter and W. H. Golburgman, proprietors, and the following carefully selected company;
E. J. Thompson, F. L. Overton, B. H. Harvey, R. P. Purdy, J. D. Halder, Ed. Wing, Ed Russel, E. L. Peacock, Wm. Key, Miss Hattie Streater, Mrs. A. R. Winter, and Miss Annie Clayman.

Richards & Pringle's have been doing exceedingly good business in Texas. During the holidays they play in California. Old Billy Kersands are at their mast-head. Will G. Hull is is one of the comedian, their principal scene of the show is The Vestibule Car Porterr.

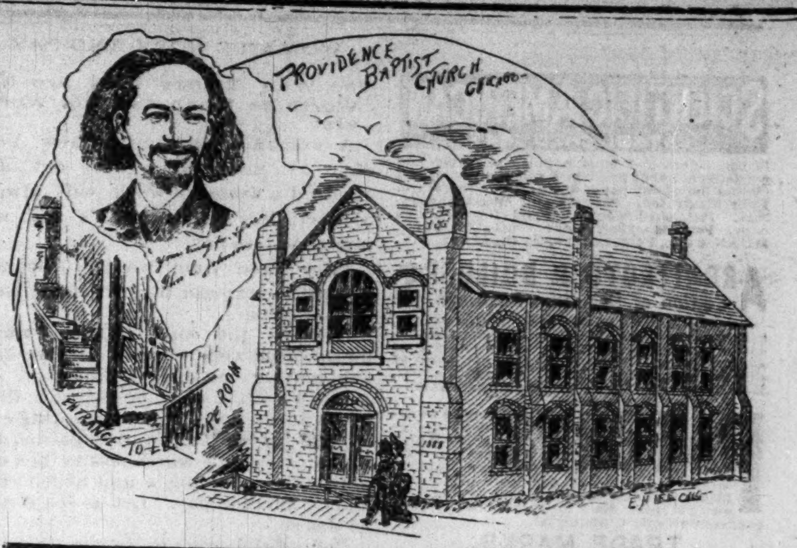
There is some talk of Mrs. Jennie R. Stewart prima dona Soprano who has been studying in Boston returning to her home at Madison, Wis.

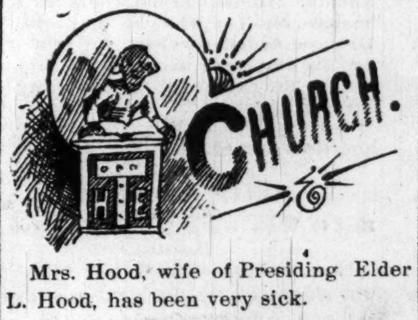
The DeWolf sisters who played in New York last week mode a great hit.

The Georgia Colored Parlor Minstrels the Royal Operatic Band will take the road the 25th inst.

The Cantata of Queen Estha" was produced at Charles St. Church, Boston, Mass., on the 17th and 18th inst. It was a success both financially and artistically.

TRAGE,





Mrs. Hood, wife of Presiding Elder L. Hood, has been very sick.

Bishop Tanner visited his aged mother in Williamsport, Pa., last week.

The Rev. G. M. Christburg has been transferred from Arkansas to Kansas.

Rev. C. C. Carey, pastor of the church at Montreal, called at our office while in the city.

The Rev. W. H. Heard is spending a short time in the South.

The Rev. H. Johnson, A. M., has been transferred to the Arkansas conference and appointed to Hot Springs.

Revs. J. S. Thompson and W. H. Thomas came on to accompany their families to their North Carolina work last week.

Last Saturday the sad news reached this office that Rev. A. F. Jackson, D. D. of the Dentral Texas conference, had been fatally shot. Dr. Jackson is a brother to Mrs. M. Coppin.

Mr. D. M. Asby, A. B., with Mrs Asby and tneir daughter and son, reside in Liberty, Va., where Mr Asby is engaged in managing a successful school.

Bishop Campbell in his affliction, not only remembers his church, but his principles. Being in the hall of the Peace convention last week, we observe that the faithfull old veteran sent his remittances in behalf of peace.

The Rev. W. S. Kane, transferred from the Philadelphia conference, and at present pastor of our work at Oakville, Ontario conference, had the misfortune to have his church burned down Sunday night, Dec. 8th.

The Rev. Isaac Slaughter, of Danville, Ky., in a sermon preached at the Main St. Baptist church of Lexington, Ky., denounced and condemned as Anti-Scriptural the mourner's bench and its emotional results.

TROUBLE WITH NEGROES.

The whole of Wayne and adjoining counties in Georgia, are on the war path. About noon Wednesday, a drunken negro was arrested by Marshal Barnhill and carried to the town guard-house. The town being literally darkened with negroes, interference was made by them, resulting in the death of the Marshal and a Mr. Wood of South Carolina, and the fatal wounding of Mr. Wood of Jesup, Marshal Leggett, one Constable and a private citizen. Besides the above, over fifteen whites and blacks are known to have received injuries. The neighboring towns of Baxley, McRae, Graham, Hazel hurst and Scotland have sent deputations of armed men to protect the people. The streets are thronged with armed men of both colors, and further hostilities are expected at any moment. The colored men implicated in the immediate difficulty have been chased to the swamp, and their capture is almost a certainty. Telegrams have been sent to the Governor, asking for immediate military aid, but as yet none have been arrested. Companies from Brunswick and Savannah however, will arrive, and as the blacks are continuing to arm themselves and are increasing their force, it is more than probable that they will have a clash.

Women and children who can are leaving the town, and men from other places are arriving on every train and on horse. This section will be remembered as the place where the negro preacher, Love, was taken from a first-class passenger coach and whipped a short time ago. The negroes there outnumber the whites by a large majority, and the troubles between them are frequent and fatal. The whole country has been in constant dread of a race war, and over 200 Winchester rifles arrived from Macon a few days ago.

VILAS IS FOR TARIFF REFORM.

Private advices to the effect that at a secret convention, held in Milwaukee, last week, of the Wisconsin Anti-Tariff Reform League, ex-Secretary Vilas, hitherto a revenue reformer, came out openly and squarely for free trade, occasions considerable surprise among the friends of Mr. Cleveland's ex-lieutenant. Mr. Vilas has always been noted for the conservatism of his views on tariff reform, his leanings being considerably in the direction of Mr. Randall, and the announcement that he intends to be hereafter a free trader, pure and simple, is taken as an indication that he is training for no unimportant part in the next national presidential campaign.

The school book case, in which one clerk sought to compel the trustees to sell him school books as provided in the new school book law, and which was argued before Judge Waugh in the Howard County Circuit Court two weeks ago, was decided by the Judge Tuesday. He upheld the constitutionality of the law, but decided against its provisions He decided that the Legislature clearly had a right to make a law to furnish uniform text books, but that the law as now constructed was wonderfully deficient in practicability. The plaintiff loses his case so far as the furnishing by the trustees of the books demanded is concerned.

IT WAS TAKING HIM.

Mr. Jeeson: Whar's yer teckin' 'im to sah?
Mr. Hardatit: No whars sir; nowhar.

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WOMAN'S WORK AND PAY.

One Who Thinks They Are Not Worth as Much as Male Workers.

A woman writes to the New York Sun: "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a woman's work will always be worth less than a man's and will command less pay.

"Are these your words? And will you please explain them in some issue of your paper."

Perhaps the context from which these words were clipped is the only explanation needed. However, to amplify a little, one might say that, given a man and a woman working side by side in the same occupation, the woman's work is worth less to her employer than the man's and hence commands smaller pay. Let us see if this be not so.

Behind the counters in our stores we have salesmen and saleswomen. The woman serves her customers as satisfactorily (if she chooses); she can handle the laces and silks as deftly and make out her bills as accurately. So far as that goes they are on an equality. But suppose the merchant who employs them both wants some lifting done in a moment of emergency, wants some heavy or disagreeable service rendered, who is called upon, the man or the woman? The man can do it and does do it; the woman is out of the question.

Take again the favorite case of the other side—school teaching. So far as the actual work of instruction goes, the average woman is quite as successful as the average man, and even more so with children. But suppose a case of necessity discipline arises, who is the final authority, who enforces the grim necessities of the case? A man. Because he has the physical strength to do it. When a woman teacher controls a wayward, roystering boy it is by a higher force than he understands; or rather, it is the resultant of many forces, his respect for a woman, his instinct of obedience to authority, and the domination of his will by hers. But all these sometimes fail; then comes the man with his sense of physical mastery and says: "Do thus and so or I'll make you"—and the boy obeys.

"The first time I sent an unruly cub from the room," said a successful woman teacher not long ago, "I farly held my breath until he closed the door behind him. Suppose he had simply sat still! What could I have done?"

Without raising the question of a woman's work as compared with a man's it follows as a necessary corollary to what has been said that a man will be paid more for his work than a woman. He is paid not alone for what he does, but for what he may do, for all these added services he may render his employer in virtue of his superior toughness of bodily fiber. It isn't a question of brain power, but of horse-power. Why not let the question rest there?

ONLY A NICKEL.

But It Was Able to Settle Several Debts.

How "money makes the mare go" was shown by an incident that occurred yesterday on a chestnut-street car, and exemplified the power contained in one little nickel, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. A stout man handed a dime to the conductor, who, before returning the change, collected a nickel from a female passenger, evidently a washerwoman, and handed the nickel to the stout man. Turning to a passenger, a friend evidently, and who had got on before the stout man, the latter handed him the nickel, remarking with a laugh at the same time, "There, Bob, I owe you 5 cents, and that squares us."

"Bob" took the coin with a smile, and, leaning across the aisle said to an acquaintance with whom he had been talking, and who was accompanied by a lady, evidently his wife:

"There's that five cents I bet you on Boyer's majority."

The acquaintance flipped the coin from his right to his left hand and handed it to his female companion, with the remark:

"There's that five cents I borrowed for that cigar this morning."

Smiling sweetly the lady accepted the coin, and, reaching over, dropped it into the washerwoman's hand, saying:

"There's the five cents I owe you, and that just makes us square."

It was all done so quickly and in such an offhand way that it was not until the coin was in the hand of its possessor that the passengers whose ownership he had passed realized what a number of debts the small piece had paid, passing in turn through the hands of the washerwoman, the conductor, the stout man, the stout man's friend, the stout man's friend's acquaintance, the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife, the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife's washerwoman, in all paying seven debts and coming back to the original possessor. It sent all hands into a brown study, and the story is true, too.

'Twas a Great Speech.

Ex-Congressman Jack Adams, who is credited with about half the good stories told on Judge Timothy J. Campbell, got off a new one on the witty president of the Oriental club as he sat in the Hoffman house cafe last night says the New York Star.

"I met Campbell coming out of the senate chamber one day while we were in the house together," he said, "just as I was going in.

"'What's going on Tim? I asked.

"'Oh,' he said, 'Evarts is making the greatest speech of his life inside. You ought to hear him. I've been in there listening to him for an hour. It's a great speech."

"'What's it about?' I asked.

"'Oh, damfino,' said Tim; but it's a great speech.'"

The Egyptian Way.

The City of Akra, Egypt, contracted with an English firm to put in water works. After the street hydrants were all in, a person of rank fell over one of them one day and barked his shin, and every hydrant was at once ordered taken out as a menace to public safety.

OLDEST AND SMALLEST.

A Sect and Its Mysterious Copy of the Pentateuch.

There is to be found in the heart of the small city of Nablus, in North Palestine, a little religious community now numbering about one hundred and fifty souls—which has defied the ravages of war and poverty and oppression nearly three thousand years. Unlike the Vaudois, these Samaritans have had no friendly system of mountain buttresses to defend them through the centuries; and still more unlike the long lived Savoyard Protestants, they have been right in the pathway along which the devastating armies have marched back and forth, from the time of Sargon to Napoleon. But they have lived on, and their unity has never been broken. They have clung to little Nabulus and to their sacred Mount Gerizim, as the very cactus roots to the granite sides of the somber Ebal that confronts them across their little enchanted valley. The feeling with which the present Samaritans regard the Mohammedans is of that intense bitterness which they have always manifested toward the Jews.

As the population of Nablus is just about 12,000, the little Samaritan community is almost absorbed by the surrounding Mohammedan mass. Save to a careful observer, the very existence and presence of the Samaritans as a distinct element of citizenship in Nablus would not be noticed. The Samaritans wear a turban much like that of their true Moslem neighbors, but between the history and theology of the two classes, there is not a single point of positive resemblance. The Samaritan synagogue is a small building in the center of Nablvs, half obscured by the surrounding dwellings. I passed through arched and littered streets to a little court, in the middle of which was a little plot of grass, relieved by three trees, two of which were lemon. I here found a little Samaritan school, and at the sight of a stranger the children sprang from the floor where they were sitting, kissed my hand, and begged for backsheesh. The teacher was a youth of about 14, the son of Amram the high priest.

The peculiar views of Amram may be said to represent very fairly the theology of his dying community. The world, he claimed, is about seven thousand years old. For fifty-five years men will go on increasing in wickedness, after which there will come a time of great peace and purity. Then there will come on a new period of consummate wickedness, which will last 300 years. This time will be consummated by the total destruction of the world. After this the general judgment will take place, when therig hteous will go to live with God and the wicked with Satan. There are some people who have clean hearts, or at least are accepted as clean, though none are absolutely pure. Just here Amram looked off, as if in the distance and said, "God is one!" Here he intended a slight thrust at all Christians because of their emphasis on Christ and His divine character.

He spoke with interest of the ruins on Mount Gerizim and of the increase of his community within the last thirty years. He closed by expressing his firm belief that the time would come when the Samaritans would be the most murderous body in the world.

Amram has since died, and the sedate son-in-law, being the eldest male relative, has succeeded him in the high priesthood.—Rev. John F. Hurst.

That Microbe.

It has long been the custom in seeking for the motive of a crime to ask, "Who is the woman?" A like practice is likely to come into vogue regarding disease and the time cannot be far off when we shall ask in that connection, "What is the microbe?" The microbe of late has come into great prominence and microbe hunters have increased proportionately. All the ills that flesh is heir to, appear to have a microbic origin. The latest conviction of this incorrigible microbe has been by a German scientist who has discovered that baldness is caused by that indefatigibly and mischievously industrious thing of all work. It is humiliating to reflect that baldness is not due to over exertion of the brain but it is caused by the ravages of so insignificant an object as a microbe. Had it not been for this Shakspeare would not have been bald. On the other hand, many heads obtain a dignity and an impresiveness through baldness that they would not otherwise present, and so the hair-banishing microbe is not without its advantages after all.—Boston Gazette.

A Carolinian Burial Custom.

A very queer custom in Oconee county, South Carolina, is the manner of burial. Instead of elaborate marble headstones or other such memorials to the dead the Carolinian will build over the mound a shed or small house to protect the grave from the inclemency of the weather. At first one is likely to take these little structures for baby houses. In the case of the better class of mountaineer he will paint his wooden mausoleum. The less favored will content themselves with a shed arrangement, which is made by driving two forked sticks in the ground, and then placing on these a rail, which forms a ridge pole, upon which the plank is laid, shedding to the ground.

He Was Not There.

The boys of Pompeii had their sleds, wheelbarrows, drums, trumpets, toy-guns, gum, candy, carpenter tools and almost everything else known to modern days. The only drawback was the absence of the Texas mustang, which was not invented until several years after Pompeii had been overwhelmed.

Enough to Fight Over.

James and William Hull, two Wyoming men, traded watches and differed about seven cents in change. It wasn't quite enough to bankrupt either man, but plenty to fight over, and so they slashed and shot and put each other in good shape for a three months' sojourn in the hospital.

EIGHT MEN LYNCHED.

Taken from Jail at Barnwell, S. C., by a Mob, and Riddled with Bullets

A mob of several hundled masked men broke open the Barnwell County, S. C. jail at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, and overpowered the jailer. They seized Ribley Johnson and Mitchel Adams, the murderers of James Hefferman, and six men held for the recent murder of Robert Martin, of Martin's, Barnwell County. The prisoners were taken out and shot to death. The jailer was forced to go with the lynchers. After the lynching the jailer was released.

There was not a rumor in the town of Barnwell that violence was contemplated. Had there been a whisper of it, the jail would have been guarded by troops. As it was, the town, together with the doomed prisoners and the jailer, were sleeping. At 4 o'clock Saturday morning the jailer was called by some men on the outside of the jail inclosure. He was informed that a constable had arrested the murderer of James P. Brown, a prominent citizen murdered last week by negroes, and that he wished to lock him up. Suspecting nothing, the jailer came down and opened the heavy gate. He was immediately seized by a dozen men and overpowered, unarmed and told to keep quiet or he would suffer for any alarm made. The keys were taken from him and fifty men entered the jail and they took out the following prisoners:

Ripley Johnston and Mitchel Adams, the principal and chief accessory in the murder of J. J. Hefferman, in October last, and Peter Bell, Rafe Morrell, Hugh Furse, Hudson Johnson, Robert Phœnix and Judge Jones, the six negroes charged with the assassination of Robert Martin on Saturday night.

They were marched to the outskirts of the town, and in a few minutes the men were bound to the body of eight trees. Masked men then formed a line a short distance from them and poured volley after volley into the bodies of the negroes. They were shot to pieces. The firing was the first intimation the people of the town had of the trouble. It seemed then as if the negroes would rise up and avenge the lynching.

The following statement, signed by some of the most prominent and influential citizens of Barnwell, has been sent to the News and Courier, in explanation of the horrible butchery of defenseless men at that place:

"In consequence of the lynching which took place here last night, the undersigned were this morning requested by the sheriff to act as an advisory committee to counsel such steps as may be deemed best to secure order. We at first proceeded to investigate, and deem it right to put the public in possession of the facts of the occurrence and causes which we believe have led to it as far as we have gathered them. On the 30th of October last John H. Hefferman, a prominent young merchant and brave, public-spirited citizen, was shot down and killed in Barnwell by negroes. Public indignation ran very high. Threats of lynching were freely made, but this was diverted by cooler counsel. At the last term of the court the grand jury found true bills against his murderers and accessories, but the cases were continued. The white people were disappointed, and the negroes, it is thought, were emboldened by this disposition of the matter.

"On the 19th of December Mr. James S. Brown, a prominent planter and leading citizen of Fish Pond township, was shot to death on his own premises by negroes, without the slightest justification or excuse. The murderer has not been arrested.

"On the 18th of December, while going from his store at Martin's Station to his house, a mile away, Mr. Robert Martin, a young man of the most exemplary character and of the highest standing as a man and citizen, was followed by a negro and shot in the back with a gun loaded with slugs, on the public road which passes through his father's plantation, in hearing of negroes whose houses were all around the spot where he was shot, and who admitted that they heard the shot and his cries when shot, and none of whom went to his relief, and none of them went to his body, although it lay in the road all night and for several hours after daylight, in plain view of them all. It was satisfactorily established that his murder was the result of a conspiracy to remove him in order that their license upon the plantation of his father might be greater. The murderer, that is, the negro who fired the shot, and his accessories, six in number, after being clearly identified by the coroner's jury, were arrested and lodged in jail.

"These several brutal murders of prominent white men by negroes caused a state of indignant resentment among our people that can be better imagined than described, but can not be imagined by any one not in our midst. Last night a large body of armed men, in disguise, at about 2 a. m., called at the jail, overpowered the jailer, took out the six murderers of Martin and the two of Heffernman, took them to the limits of the corporation and shot them to death."

This explanation of the causes which led to the lynching does not, in the opinion of law abiding citizens, in any way justify the atrocious murder of eight defenseless human beings. The greatest indignation is expressed at the brutality of the deed. All is quiet at Barnwell, although trouble has been anticipated and may yet come.

PARNELL IN TROUBLE.

The Famous Agitator Made Co-respondent in Divorce Proceedings.

Captain O'Shea, ex-member of the House of Commons, has filed a petition for divorce from his wife, on the ground of adultery, naming Charles Stewart Parnell as co-respondent. The specific acts are alleged to have taken place during the period extending from April, 1886, to the date of the petition, at Eltham, No. 34 York Terrace, the residence of Mrs. O'Shea. Regents Park, Brighton, Aldington and Sussex. In an interview, Saturday, Captain O'Shea said that the charges made in his petition were true. "Of course," he added, "I do not claim damages."

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MY NUTRITIVE POMADE, which I use in connection with my French System of Hair improvement, I wish to recommend to the Ladies throughout the country, as an indispensible article for the toilet; a preparation for softening, rendering glossy and pliant, and thereby promoting a healthy growth of the hair. Those who have been unable to secure my treatment for cultivating the hair will find their hair greatly improved by trying a bottle of the Nutritive Pomade, which will be found constantly for sale either at the residence of Mr. Geo. Knox, 118 N. Tennessee St., or at his Barber Shop at the Bates House. Price per bottle, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of 72c. in stamps or postal note.

☞ As all information can be obtained by reading the above advertisement, no attention will be paid to postal cards. Address

Rebecca E. Elliott,
Hair Culturist.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Don't fail to leave your order for

A SUIT
—AT THE—
CHICAGO TAILORING CO.

Cor. Market and Delaware Sts.

He keeps a full line of the best goods and his prices are the lowest.

Furniture. Carpets.

LARGE VARIETY IN SELECT STOCK.

Call in and get bargains at 98 East New York Street. All goods sold for CASH or on easy PAYMENTS.

J. KOESTERS & CO.,

Halcyon Block. 98 East New York St.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY PAINS AND ACHES.

Spent $300. in Vain.
Wakarusa, Ind., Aug. 22, 1888.
I suffered all over with pain and spent $300. on doctors without relief; two or three applications of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me.
CONRAD DOERING.

At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

HOW to CURE CATARRH. A circular describing a new and non irritating home treatment, that will cure Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Throat Affections, Bronchitis, and Consumption in its incipient stage, will be sent any one thus affected, by addressing D. YINGLING, M. D., Huntington, Ind.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.
Almost as Palatable as Milk.
So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it. Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons GAIN rapidly while taking IT.
SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, Wasting Diseases of Children, and CHRONIC COUGHS
Sold by all Druggists.

SYKE'S Sure Cure. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CATARRH
The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.
For sale by all Druggists.
ROSS GORDON, Lafayette, Ind., Wholesale Agent.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific Relief in TEN MINUTES.
PETER D. SWOYER, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.
TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.
Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. M'f'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c GUNS WATCHES, CLOCKS, etc. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DR. W. H. SARBER
Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexes. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers cured guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles, Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street Indianapolis, Ind.
All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

DR. PARKER'S Medical & Surgical Institute
151½ N. Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.
Treat and Cure all Chronic Diseases. Deformities and Surgical Cases. Sexual Diseases of Men, Women and Children the results of *Imperfect Development. Evil Habits or Excesses.* Opium and the Whiskey Habit, etc. Sanitarium and Private Lying-in Hospital in connection. Write for circular.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES OF INDIANAPOLIS.

ARTISTS MATERIALS.—H. Leiber & Co., 33 South Meridian street.

BANK—The Capital National—MERERORD B. WILSON, President, JOSEPHUS COLLETT, vice President, WM. D. EWING, Cashier.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.—(National) Short-hand, Telegraphy, Penmanship. Address L. A. DUTHIE & CO.

BRASS FOUNDERS.—Dean Brothers Steam Pump Works, south-west corner Madison Ave., and Ray streets.

CIGARS—Smoke the famous HITT'S HIT, a 10c cigar for 5c. Indiana Cigar Co.

ENGINES AND BOILERS.—The Sinker Davis CO., 111 to 149 South Penn. Street Send for circulars.

FURS.—A. F. AGNEW & CO., 128 Kentucky ave. Highest prices for Raw Furs and Sheep Pelts. Consignments solicited.

HOTEL—ENGLISH—On Circle Street—Best accommodations, reasonable prices.

RAW FURS.—S. F. Galloway Dealer, 200 S. Penn. St. Send for price list.

RUBBER STAMPS—Seals and Stencils L. T. F. ZAISER, 27 S. Meridian St.

STATIONERS—BAKER & THORNTON, Manufacturers and Dealers, County and Township Records, and School Goods, LEADING HOUSE in the State.

TANK LINE CO.—(Consolidated) Dealers in all kinds of Petroleum Products.

WALL PLASTER.—(Adamant) Cheapest and best. INDIANA ADAMANT PLASTER CO.

BURNED BY MOLTEN METAL.

Nine Men Horribly, and Some Fatally, Injured by the Explosion of a Mold.

Nine men were horribly, and some fatally, burned by a shower of molten meta from an exploding mold at the Mosher Machine Company's foundry, at Dallas, Tex., Saturday evening. The names of the victims are J. A. Dobbins, molder, body and head and neck fairly riddled by the flying metal. His left ear was burned off, and his injuries may prove fatal. John Hughes, molder, had his clothing burned from his person and both eyes filled with red hot metal. He is burned from head to foot and had to be wrapped in cotton saturated with oil and opiates applied. He is suffering the agonies of death, and, if he recovers, will be blind. Matson, molder, is also fearfully burned about the breast, neck and arms. Molten metal ran into one of his shoes and almost cooked his foot before he could kick it off. He will recover. Chas. Hurst received two terrible wounds in the back, from which the flesh fell in strips, and the blood oozed out as his clothing was torn from him. John Wheeless, workman, was severely burned about the head and shoulders, and knocked senseless by a flying brick. Wiley Jones, Mack Haney, Ed Ayres, Jake Mitchell and other workmen were all more or less slightly burned about the head and shoulders.

The cause of the explosion was the generation of gas inside the mold, which was prepared to cast a 1,600 pound piece, and when the hot metal was poured in at the mouth the mold exploded, sending about a thousand pounds of molten metal in a perfect shower among the men. The foundrymen say that an explosion of this kind is of rare occurrence in casting, and was purely accidental.

PASSENGER TRAIN WRECKED.

Ten Persons Killed and Many Others Injured Near White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

Passenger train No. 3, on the Chesapeake & Ohio road was wrecked Saturday morning about two miles west of White Sulphur Springs by a broken axle. The mail car, combination car, coach and one sleeper were derailed. The sleeper was turned on its side. The other sleeper "Rockbridge," was not injured. The coach telescoped the combination car, and there the loss of life occurred. So far as known there were ten persons killed, five passengers and five employes.

A dispatch from Charleston, W. Va., says six cars were demolished and ten people killed, and about twenty-five injured. The accident was caused by a spreading of the rails.

The train was behind time and running forty to fifty miles per hour. The conductor says it was only running thirty-five miles, but others say forty or fifty. The wreck occurred on the fill over Jary's run, which is 190 feet high, said to be the highest fill in the United States. All of the killed were in the smoking car, which was telescoped by another car. Every person in the car was killed, except the conductor, who had his leg broken and was seriously injured. He will probably recover. The dead were taken to Ronceverte, eleven miles distant from the scene of the wreck.

SITTING BULL INDIGNANT.

A dispatch from Bismarck, N.Dak., says Sitting Bull, the notorious Sioux Chief, i very much incensed that he was not taken to Washington with the delegation of Sioux chiefs who recently had consultation with President Harrison regarding their lands. Bull now fully realizes that he is unpopular with Agent McLaughlin and all in authority, and he is vehement in his denunciation of the agent and the more popular chiefs. It was a particularly bitter pill for him to have John Grass and Gall, his two greatest enemies, recognized as leaders while he is ignored. He says that Grass and Gall have been traitors to the Indians and that they sold out their people in the conference which resulted in the ceding of their land, which will soon be open to settlement.

In an interview since the departure of the Indian delegation for the East, he said: "I have always been a friend to my people. I have not been like Grass and Gall, who sold them out. I am no good with white men, but the time will come when the Indians will realize that I am right." The last straw that broke the back of what little consideration Agent McLaughlin had for Bull was his attempt to stampede Indians away from the conference just as they were about to sign the treaty.

Since then the agent has been disciplining him with good effect. Bull can no longer influence the Indians for evil, and it is the peace and harmony on the reservation that worries him.

FAMILY BURNED TO DEATH.

Eleven Persons Lose Their Lives in a Burning House at Hurontown, Mich.

At Hurontown, Mich., where two women and a baby were burned to death a few days ago, eleven persons perished by fire Sunday morning. Theodore Grass, aged fifty seven, and his wife Mary, aged forty-seven, returned from an old people's dance early in the morning. Their son Theodore, Jr., returned from his work in the stamp-mill a short time afterward. All went to bed. A quarter of an hour later Theodore, jr., heard screams in his sister's room. He and his brother Nicholas, aged seventeen, attempted to reach he next room, but the flames drove them back. With bare feet and hands they broke the glass and sash of the only window in the room, and jumped to the ground, attired only in their night shirts. A terrible blizzard was raging, and they could not break the windows. They then rushed to a neighbor's for help. The fire was extinguished an hour later, and the eleven bodies were recovered. They were the remains of Theodore and Mary Grass and their children, Kate, John, Antoine, Mary Lena, Lizzy, Joseph and Michael, and Lena Erb, of Lindon, Michigan who was visiting the girls of the Grass family.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Sir Francis Grenfell has an extremely wealthy aunt, who wrote him a check for $50,000 when she heard the account of his brilliant victory in Egypt.

A Bohemian stone-cutter of St. Paul, Minn., named August Boorfried, has discovered a combination of chemicals by the use of which the hardest stone can be dissolved and cast into any desired shape, the casting being as hard as flint, and capable of taking on a brilliant luster. It varies in color according to the stone used, and can be had from a bright red to a beautiful azure blue. While in the fluid it can be used for coating anything having a stone or glassy surface. Mr. Boorfried claims that car wheels and rails can be made in this way. He will start for the East in a few days to secure the backing of wealthy capitalists.

The man who will succeed Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is a wretched, lean, pale-faced creature of five and forty, named Mohammed Rechad. He is the Sultan's own brother, and is kept a close prisoner in the palace grounds, lest he should conspire for his Majesty's downfall. He has certainly no such intention, but usage requires that the Sultan's heir-apparent should be treated as a suspected criminal, and Abdul Hamid is much too nervous a creature to innovate in this particular. He has a horrible fear lest his brother, Murad V., who became crazy from having been raised to the throne too suddenly, should recover his senses, but of this there is no chance, and now that Murad's mother is dead, there will be no one to prevent the poor lunatic from being hurried to his end by a pinch of something in his coffee. Murad's mother, the Sultana Nadine, superintended his household and never left him. It would have been impossible to molest him while she was alive.

In consequence of the success of the smokeless powder, the Itallan Government has suspended the manufacture of all other kinds of gunpowder.

Queen Victoria's recent visit to Wales brings out the statistics that during her reign of over half a century twelve days only have been spent in Ireland.

The great church of Le Sacre Cœur, built on the highest point of Montmatre, is nearly finished, and it is thought that it will "take its place among the cathedrals of Europe."

The first section of the railway from Pekin to Chinkiang has progressed as far as having tenders made for its construction. The sum estimated for rails and plant on this line is $70,000,000.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

I Wonder if Everybody Knows

Good Housekeeping.

That the best covering for a poultice or a mustard paste is tissue paper.

That hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

That the best and most convenient cover for a jelly tumbler is thin paper fastened over the top of the glass by a rubber band.

That the best way to clear out and straighten the fringe of towels, doilies, etc., before ironing, is is to comb it, while damp, with an inch length of coarsest toilet comb.

That pleasant, rainy-day work for the older children is to be found in the making of a scrap book of the portraits of noted men and women, the portraits to be obtained from publishers' catalogues, magazines, newspapers and other available sources.

Iceland Is Not a Land of Ice.

If the name of this island means the land of ice, as is no doubt the case, then the name is misleading, for, excepting the great ice streams in the interior of the isle called glaciers, there is otherwise very little ice in it. The harbors are open nearly the year, and the climate is milder than that of Norway. Sometimes the northern and eastern coast are blocked up with ice which has drifted before the wind from Greenland; but this happens only about once every ten years. Then; perhaps, the island is an iceland; but in any other sense the title is an unfortunate blunder.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists

The Experiment Tried.

Spirited Woman (to big Plug-Ugly)—"Oh, if I were only a man, wouldn't I teach you manners!"

Celestial Voice—"Your prayer is granted. You shall be a man. [Transforms her.]

Big-Plug-Ugly"—What de ye say?"

Newly-Made-Man—"Um—er—I was merely remarking that it was a very pleasant day.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Taken at Her Word.

Time.

Miss Leonora Younger—What a lovely evening! In fact it is to lovely to remain indoors. What would you propose?

Mr. Winters (twining an arm around her wasit)—Marriage, Leonora dear; marriage.

Since the creation of man his main food has been bread. And since Nature has designated it as her most universal form of nourishment, we must accept it as her best. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder improves bread by making it easier for the circulation to take up its sustaining, nourishing ingredients.

A Cure for Catarrh in the head, as well as of all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be promptly returned.

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

False modesty—Lyimg in concealment.

If a man wants his wife to believe that he is a genius his wisest plan is to pursuade her of it before he gets married. He will generally find it easier then.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

There is certainly something remarkable in this preparation, as it is meeting with a success never attained by any other medicine. It never fails if used as directed.

For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach, and for three years past have been unable to do business. Two years ago my case was pronounced incurable. I visited different water cures and climates, all to no purpose. Last June I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup (prepared by Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.), and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man.

EDWARD BAKER,
Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 205 Jackson street, Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Before the footlights—Tallow dips.

Why We Laugh.

The Chinaman is many a man's bosom friend.

The trouble with men who go to the devil is that they continue to stay with us.

A female hair-dresser says she wants to enter a boat race, for she can do nine knots an hour.

A man no sooner lets a confidential-looking stranger take him apart than he wants to put himself together again.

It is the man who orders a room on the top floor who takes up the most room in writing his name on the hotel register.

The Handsomest Lady in Town

Remarked to a friend the other day tha she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size, 50c and $1.

The stamp of poverty—Due 2 cents.

The saving in clothing where Dobbins' Elecric Soap is used is twenty times the soap bill. It is no new experiment, but has been sold for 24 years. To-day just as pure as in 1865. Try it. Your grocer has it or will order it.

A straight tip—Pouring the whisky.

An Extended Popularity. Brown's Bronchial Troches have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

A base insinuation—That we're off it.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

A continued story—The elevator shaft.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A barrel organ—The Cooper's Journal.

Many imitate "Tansill's Punch" 5c. ciga

The picture of woe—The chromo.

Helpless 40 Days.

"For 25 years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism. Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to go out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering great agony all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to be out and around and attend to business. I took five bottles and am now so free from rheumatis that I have no trouble, and I am now on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES HANNAH, Christie, Clarke Co., Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Walter Buhl & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF FURS!

WE ARE THE LARGEST IMPORTERS OF SEAL SKINS in the country and make a specialty of selling SEAL JACKETS SACQUES & NEWMARKETS &c., &c. Ask your merchant for them.

WALTER BUHL & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 cts. Pkg by mail $1.00. Warranted. DR. CATON, x 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

Society.

New York Weekly.

Little Chick—"What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for?"

Old Hen (who had inadvertantly hatched a duck's egg)—"I can't help it, my dear. We've got to put up with the creature because it belongs to our set, you know."

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning,

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime, never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyments, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

A jet of water—The inky tide.

YOUNG CHILDREN Are so liable to Croup, sudden Colds, and various throat troubles, that no family should be without

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

It gives instant relief and effects a permanent cure.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children have been subject."—Capt. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Four of my children were taken down at one time, the past winter, with influenza; but they were soon cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and Ayer's Pills."—M. Powers, Red Lodge, Montana.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE SAILOR'S DARING.

"Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the boats!" With what alacrity every man on board springs to his post at the dread cry, knowing a fellow creature's life is at stake! Yet that life is in no more danger than that of the man or woman who trifles with what may seem "a simple blood disorder," but which in reality is fast sowing the seeds of a fatal disease, when the early use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would cleanse the blood, restore impaired digestion, tone up the vital organs and ward off consumption. It should take the place in the family corresponding to that occupied by the life preserver on shipboard. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, "Golden Medical Discovery" is **guaranteed** to cure. This it will do if taken in the earlier stages of consumption, but after a large part of the lungs have broken down, no medicine can stay its fatal progress. How important then that the earliest premonitory symptoms be heeded! Short breath, spitting of blood, occasional chilly sensations creeping up the spinal column, hacking cough, variable or poor appetite, feeble digestion, with gradual loss of flesh, cold feet, lassitude or general debility, should admonish one that all is not right.

You can't afford to fool away precious time if suffering from any considerable number of the above significant symptoms of approaching danger! It's madness to trifle and experiment with uncertain means of relief and cure when thus afflicted! Don't forget, at such a critical time, that the only medicine possessed of such positive curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, through druggists, under a **positive guarantee** of its benefiting or curing *in every case*, is the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery." For all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Affections, Weak Lungs, and kindred ailments, it is an *unequaled* remedy.

For a Complete Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, or for one on Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, enclose ten cents, in stamps, state which book you want and address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.
SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

INDIANA TIGER
The Finest STEAM ENGINE In the State for the money
All sizes from 6 to 25 Horse Power. Write for price.
JERRY REDDING, Engineer
286 S. Alabama St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.
FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. Cincinnati, O.

YOU ARE A LIAR When you dare to say that Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N. Y., doesn't sell the very best FIVE-TON WAGON SCALES Beam Box, Tare Beam, for $60 Free price list every size. "Jones he pays the freight."

TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK. This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

TELEGRAPHY. We guarantee a good paying position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

I N U 52—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison when mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write

VISA VERSA.

Mr. Ulrush: Who is the man we've just passed?
Mr. Bettison: That's our coming actor.
Mr. Ulrush: Et looks to me like he is going.

LOCAL LIFE.

The services of Mr. Jeff. D. Porter has been secured on the local staff of The Freeman.

Mr. George Esters is employed as bar tender at M. McMamon's, 178 Ind. Ave.

Mr. W. A. Brayboy, our colored music dealer, of Kokomo, was in the city this week.

Mr. G. L. Jones, who received an appointment in the Revenue service, has given a five thousand dollar bond, and will begin work soon.

The colored people of this city are thoroughly aroused to the idea of the league movement, and a large delegation will go from this city to Chicago, on Jan. 15.

Rev. J. A. Davis lectured to a large and appreciative audience at Allen Chapel, last Wednesday evening. His subject was the "African from the cradle," which he handled in a logical and eloquent way. Rev. Davis is one of the giant preachers of Indiana.

The Freeman was not issued last week, in order to give its force a little time for the holidays. So don't ask why it was not issued, or write to know why you didn't receive your paper.

The closing exercises of the "Harrison Literary," last Friday evening, were fully up to the high standard already obtained by that society. The program, containing an excellent portrait of its president, was a thing of beauty.

A large number of colored pedagogues were in the city during the holidays. Among them were Prof. W. F. Teister, of Greencastle, F. B. Allen, of Crawfordsville, W. F. Anderson, of Shelbyville, and others.

A one-round sparring match.—Mr. Christy, editor of the World, and Mr. Charles Stewart, ex-collector of the same, had a set-to in Mr. Knox's barber shop. Time was called by Mr. Knox, and further hostilities were prevented. It is needless to state that Mr. Stewart "got his man."

The Virginia Ave. rink has been opened, and Friday evening Jan. 10th has been set apart for them. There will be music, good skates and a big crowd.

Alfred Harrison, the "erstwhile mugwump" who has been teaching the young idea how to shoot in Mississippi, has returned to the city. He paints a glowing picture of the South: but has come up in the "Gods" country to spend the holidays.

HOMES FOR ALL.

Best Opportunity For Laboring Men

Turn over a new leaf. Save 50 cents a week by taking a share in the Champion Building and Loan Association. Meets every Monday evening at the New York Hat Store. Run with less expense and cheaper for the borrower than any other Association in the city. Take shares any time. No back dues. Call on Wm. Prosser Jr., Secretary, Room 51 Thorpe Block.

RESTAURANTS, BOARDING HOUSES, BAR BER SHOPS, ETC.

Among some of our enterprising places and business houses may be found R. S. Bryan, the Estella Cafe; L. W. Ferrell, 171 Third avenue; C. W. Tweedy, 147 Third avenue; Dick's Place, 2634 State street; W. H. Harris, 11 Polk street, Mrs. F. Brown, 571 State; A. L. Jones. 468 State street, H. R. Fizer, 145 Third avenue. Always ask to see The Freeman when you call, and note their extreme hospitality and appreciation. tf

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

DOMESTIC.

St. Paul will have no ice palace this year.

Two boys were drowned at Washburn, Wis., Saturday.

July 1 the navy will have a new flag and the Union Jack forty-two stars.

Charles A. Cobler, an L. & N. conductor, was shot and killed by a tramp near Louisville.

Three lives were lost and several persons irjured in a San Francisco fire, Saturday night.

James E. Kent, assistant cashier of the Cairo & Vincennes road at Cairo, is an embezzler of $1,500.

At Memphis, Emanuel Thomas, a cook decapitated Henry Trice with a butcher knife. Both colored.

John Newman and Ernest Lomberg were killed by a Monon engine at Chicago, as they stepped off a street car.

The Farmers' Alliance of Douglass County, Kan., has adopted resolutions boycotting all dressed-beef men.

By a collision of freights at Scottsdale Pa., Engineers Johns and Dayton were badly hurt and fifteen cars wrecked.

Mrs. Paul Ruthert, of Tarentown, Pa., was murdered, Monday night, by burglars who plundered her husband's jewelry store.

The Governor of Massachusetts has issued an "extraordinary proclamation" demanding the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

The citizens warehouse, six thousand bales of cotton and seven freight cars were burned at Yazoo, Miss., Sunday afternoon. Loss $35,000.

The twenty-second annual convention of the Woman's Suffrage Association has been called to meet at Washington February 18 to 21.

L. Monasch, Secretary of a wealthy building association at Minneapolis, is short $25,000 in his accounts. The association is secured.

In the Lampson-Marquis contest for Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, the taking of testimony on behalf of Lampson will be begun January 3.

In a drunken row between two laborers at New Orleans, William Burton shot and killed John Schaffer, forty-five. The murderer was arrested.

Will and Calvin Odel, brothers, of Burnet County, Texas, charged with murder and robbery, were killed, Thursday night, while resisting arrest.

Fifteen conductors on the Cincinnati Southern road were discharged, Saturday, for refusing to leave the Brotherhood of Conductors organization.

Another clerk in the Buffalo postoffice has been arrested for robbing the mails. He is a young married man named Edward F. Bapst. He confessed.

The thirty-five Texans arrested for murder, on Wednesday, are held at Galveston without bail, by order of United States District Judge Boorman.

General Boulanger denies the report that he has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures in the United States. He says he never thought of going on a lecturing tour in that country.

The Harvard University catalogue for 1889-90 shows that in the current year the net gain in students is 180, the largest annual increase since Dr. Eliot became President. The total number or students is 2,079.

A starving family of eight persons were discovered in an isolated place near Meyer, Pa., Tuesday. The parents were taken sick with fever and the children could procure no aid. It is not thought that they can recover.

The Choctaws of the Indian Territory have sent word to the United States Commissioners that they are willing to meet them and arrange for the sale, at $1.25 per acre, of all their lands east of the ninety-sixth meridian.

A shocking tragedy occurred at Meadville, Mo., Monday. John Barbee, aged seventeen, and Edward Davis, aged eighteen, became involved in a dispute which terminated in Barbee disemboweling young Davis with an ugly looking knife.

While crossing the railroad track to the station at Kinzers, Pa., Tuesday morning, Mrs. Annie McIlvaney and her eleven-months-old child were struck by a fast freight train. The child was instantly killed and the mother so badly injured that she will die.

A cave-in of large proportions occurred at Plains, a suburb of Wilkesbarre, Pa., Friday. Without warning, the surface of the earth settled and great holes appeared, some of them fifty feet deep. St. Leo's Catholic Church was damaged, as was the parsonage and several other buildings.

Reports are published showing that since 1880 the taxable property of the United States has increased $6,953,000,000, and that in the same period the actual wealth of the country increased $18,652,000,000. The total wealth of the country, exclusive of public property, is placed at $61,459,000,000.

INFLUENZA IN AMERICA.

It is Spreading All Over the Country—Epidemic in Many Places.

The number of persons in New York and Brooklyn suffering from influenza is very large and constantly increasing. In most cases the patient is subjected to severe muscular pains, catarrh, great debility, etc., with numerous concomitant discomforts, varying in different cases, some cases, running into affections of the bowels, and others to those of the lungs. While no instances of death directly from the disease have been noted, pneumonia has increased so remarkably as to indicate some connection between the epidemic of so-called influenza and pneumonia.

There is hardly a business house or an office down town whose force of clerks has not been shortened more or less by la grippe. Quite a number of policemen and firemen are laid up. The same state of affairs exists in Brooklyn and Jersey City. The health boards of all three cities claim that there is no danger from the epidemic. When reminded that the disease is taking on a more serious form in Europe, they point to the lightness of the attacks, and say that the malady could grow much worse without becoming dangerous to life.

Some of the members of the Pan-American Congress have the disease. Senator Ingalls was attacked by the disease Frikay, and Saturday was compelled to take to his bed. Fifteen cases were reported at Chicago Saturday. Influenza, in a mild form is on the increase in Boston. Affections of the lungs have likewise greatly increased. A theatrical performance was postponed, Friday night, because several of the members of the company were affected. There are scores of cases at Columbus, Ohio. It prevails mostly among children and young folks, though several prominent politicians are sneezing to kill. Not less than 2,000 cases prevail in Philadelphia, rich and poor alike being affected. Thomas Amth, of Canton, Mass., died from the disease Saturday. He ventured out before he had recovered, and pneumonia developed. It has appeared in Omaha to such an extent that two-thirds of the people are believed to be affected. Thirty cases are reported in the Baltimore postoffice. Dispatches from almost every Northern city east of the Rocky mountains tell of the appearance of influenza. In some places the disease is quite severe, but in the majority of towns reporting it is of a mild type.

INFLUENZA NOTES.

It rages in Kansas.
Detroit has 5,000 cases.
It has reached Tacoma, W. T.
Over one hundred cases in Oswego.
The "grippe" has reached Evansville.

There are 1,500 cases of influenza in Newark, N. J.

J. T. Coolidge, a Boston banker, died of the disease, Saturday.

Thirteen Staten Island policemen and 200 other people there have the grip.

It is estimated that there are upwards of 1,500,000 victims of the influenza on the continent.

George W. Childs is only just recovering from an attack which hept him indoors for several days.

One-third of Paris, France, is affected and all of Europe is sneezing. The Czar is among the sufferers. Many deaths are reported.

La grippe has victims among the employes at the New York City postoffice. Sunday's absentees in the general office numbered sixty-five.

The influenza has made its appearance in Cincinnati. Fully 500 genuine cases of Russian la grippe have been reported there but of a comparatively mild form.

Unofficially, representatives of the health department say that probably fifty thousand people in New York are suffering from or less severe attacks of influenza.

Congressman Gear, of Iowa, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, said, Friday, that the chances are that the committee will have its bill ready to report very soon after the 1st of February. Mr. Gear said that the sugar duty will be reduced at least 50 per cent., with a corresponding bounty for such sugar as may be produced in the United States, whether manufactured from sugar cane, sorghum or sugar beets. The idea that the proposed bill will be simply a measure for the reduction of tariff duties is erroneous. The principal cause of the complaint against the existing law is the inequalities of the schedule, which has created so much comment on the part of those most directly interested. The committee will try to bring in a bill which will relieve the law of its bad features, while maintaining the protective policy just as far as possible.

THE MARKETS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 31, 1889.

GRAIN.

	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.	Rye.
Indianapolis..	2 r'd 77½ 3 r'd 74	1 w 35½ 2ye 31½	2 w 28¾	....
Chicago........	2 r'd 79	32½	29½	....
Cincinnati.....	2 r'd 80½		25	46
St. Louis........	2 r'd 77⅝	28	20	42½
New York......	2 r'd 85		29	60
Baltimore	78½	42	30	59
Philadelphia.	2 r'd 80	43	30	Clover Seed
Toledo..........	82	34	24	$3 60
Detroit.	1 wh 79⅛	35	24¼	....
Minneapolis :	77½	....	....	....
Liverpool	....	....	....	....

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Export grades..........$4.30@4.75
Good to choice shippers.......... 3.40@3.90
Common to medium shippers.... 2.75@3.20
Stockers, 500 to 850 lb............ 2.00@2.50
Good to choice heifers............ 2.50@2.85
Common to medium heifers..... 1.50@2.25
Good to choice cows.............. 2.20@3.60
Fair to medium cows.............. 1.60@2.10
HOGS—Heavy...................... 3.55@3.60
Light................................ 3.40@3.50
Mixed .... 3.45@3.55
Heavy roughs..................... 3.00@3.25
SHEEP—Good to choice.......... 4.50@5.00
Fair to medium.................... 3.75@4.25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eggs 20c. Butter, Creamery 22@24; Dairy 12, Good Country 10c. Feathers, 35c. Beeswax, 18@20; Wool 33@35, Unwashed 25; Poultry, Hens 6c. Turkeys 7½c. roosters c. Clover seed 2.25@2.75.

MODEL.

We are offering some decided bargains in

FUR CAPS.

PRICES LITERALLY CUT IN HALF.

MODEL CLOTHING CO.

I AM GOING TO

PARKER'S

To buy a **CARPET,**

Heating Stove,
Cook Stove,
Bedroom Suite,
Parlor Suite,
Chamber Set,
Window Shades,

In fact, fit up my whole house

He is at

179 W. Wash. St.

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Is new complete with all the late and most stylish garments in the market.

Everything new and at popular prices, which has been our aim.

We can please everybody, either in price or style.

We call special attention to our Plush Sacques, which are better than ever before, and for prices can not be excelled in the State.

Our Newmarkets are all of the newest materials, tailor made, perfect in finish and fit.

L. S. AYRES & CO.

Agents for Butterick's patterns.

TO THE LADIES OF INDIANAPOLIS.

I am now prepared to send an agent to your city within a week fully prepared to give treatment for the hair under my French System of Hair Improvement. All ladies wishing to make arrangement for that date can consult Mrs Arilla Knox, No, 118 N. Tenn. st. REBECCA E. ELLIOTT,
tf Hair Culturist.

OUR DEAD-HEAD LIST.

C. N. Howard, 724 Wyoming st., Philadelphia, Pa., $4; Granville T Woods (inventor), Cincinnati, O., $5; F. G. Parker, St. Paul, Minn.. $1; J. H. Penrose, Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.. $5; Hon. John H. Smythe, Washington, D. C., $1.50, Rev. M. Conway, Wilmington, N. C., $4; Robert M. Budd (Back Number Budd), 1280 Broadway st., New York, $15; John Rivers, Jr., Fernandina, Fla., $4.60; F. P. Richardson (money collected), Pittsburg, Tex., $2.40; W. V. Russell, 36 Main st., Carmi, Ill., $1.60; Rev. J. H. Thompson, Argenta, Ark., $5; W. H. Moore, Adrian, Mich., $1.40; S. W. Hayden (money collected), Wamega, Kan., $1.75; W. A. Beetis, Wichita, Kan., $11.05; Frank Logan, 728 Washington st., Paducah, Ky., $8.48; T. S. Cannington, 144 West 63d st., New York, $9; S. J. Edwards, Main and 12th, Little Rock, Ark., $5; J. N. Daniel, Dupree st., Memphis. Tenn., $13.29; Percy R. Talbert, 98 Clinton, Buffalo, N. Y., $3.50; I. T. Thomas, 821 Main st., Dallas, Tex., $6.07; Clifford C. Smith, Box 278, Madison Ind., $498.

Chicago Directory.

Remonde House,
271 South State Street, and 551 Wabash Avenue.
Elegant accommodations, and board. Rooms, $1.50 to $2 per day. Hot and Cold Water.
MRS. F. BROWN, Proprietor.

WILLSON HOUSE,
171 THIRD AVENUE.
First-class Accommodations. Mail Orders Given Preference.
Rates Reasonable.
Mrs. E. WILSON, Proprietress.

Mrs. J. H. Hunter,
201 Third Avenue.
Board and rooms by day, week or month
OUR MOTTO IS, TO PLEASE.

GO TO
Mrs. H. Pumpfrey,
—FOR—
Rooms and Boarding by the day or week. 510 South State St.

H. R. FIZER,
145 Third Avenue.
Excellent Meals, Elegant Rooms. Satisfaction GUARANTEED.
Room, $1 per day. Mail Orders Given Preference.

I. B. Watters'
Home Restaurant,
2822 South State Street.
Best Meals on the South Side. Neat and Clean. Prices Low.
Proof the Pudding is in the Eating

Roller Skating
—AT THE—
VIRGINIA AVENUE RINK,
Friday Evening, Jan. 10.

This evening has been set aside by the management of this rink for the colored people, and great preparations are being made to entertain them. There will be good music, fine skates, and the floor put in excellent condition. Door open at 7 o'clock. Begin skating at 7.30.
Admission, 15c. Skates, 10c.
C, D. HOYLE, Manager.
R. V. MORRIS, Floor Man.

THE AVENUE EXCHANGE,
No. 10 Indiana Ave.
We keep a full line of the choicest
Wines and Liquors, and best brands of CIGARS,
And we have also
An Elegant Pool and Billiard Room Give us a call.
A. Greathouse & J. Spaulding,
Proprietors, 10 Indiana Ave

JOHNSON'S CAFE
The * Leading * Restaurant.
We still hold the fort and guarantee Satisfaction. Better than ever, hence our business has increased
ISAAC JOHNSON. 64 Indiana Ave

Still Another True Tale

That Reads Like a Romance—Mr. Ephraim Donovan Makes a Statement.

MR. EPHRAIM DONOVAN

Resides at 160 W. Washington st., Indianapolis, is an old resident of the city, and has suffered for about fifteen years with sciatic rheumatism and secondary blood poisoning, intermediated by general nervous debility and dyspepsia. Mr. Donovan has been under treatment for years by different physicians. He states that for the first time he has found relief. "The Gun Wa Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies worked like Magic in my case," said Mr. Donovan. "I am 65 years old, but my ailments are not caused by old age. I am an old soldier, and the terrible rheumatic pain I have endured was probably caused by exposure when in the army. To be brief, nothing helped me until I began taking the Chinese Herb Remedies. I at once began to mend, and in two weeks from the time I first started I was a different man. I have not an ache or a pain. My digestion is also so much improved that I can now eat with perfect confidence of no bad effect morning, noon or night. In fact, the remedies have renewed my youth. I feel many years younger, stronger and better in every way, mentally and physically, and the credit for this great change in me is due wholly to the Chinese Herb and Vegetable Remedies."

Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonial of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their picture, as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese vegetable remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis several months, during which time he has effected so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana.

His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consultation, examination or advice.

A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing. If you can not call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tape worm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book (for men only) on nervous and private diseases. Those suffering from evil effects of follies or excesses should call or write. Cure guaranteed.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M. In writing always inclose four cents in stamps. Call on or address.

GUN WA,
25 W. Washington Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

POLITICAL.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, JOHN OSTERMAN—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR CLERK OF MARION COUNTY, JOHN R. WILSON.

FOR RECORDER OF MARION COUNTY. JOHN L. F. STEEG.

SIMON SCHMALHOLZ, FOR RECORDER of Marion County—Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

FOR SHERIFF, JOHN JOHNSON—Subject, to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR, H. W. WHITE Subject to the Republican nominating convention.

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNTY, HENRY W. LANGENBURG—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, JOHN W. HOLTZMAN—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, CHARLIE LAMOTTE—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER WM. LANGSTAFF—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR COUNTY CLERK CHAS. W. BRIDGES—Subject to the Democratic nominating convention

FOR SHERIFF OF MARION COUNTY—JACK S. CROSBY — Subject to the Democratic nominating convention.

THE PALACE.

The Finest
EQUAL RIGHTS BARBER SHOP
IN THE STATE,

And the only one with bath tubs. It is adorned by a perfect outfit of new furniture of all modern improvements. Every thing is conducted in first-class style. None but first-class workmen are employed. When you desire a SHAVE, HAIR CUT OR BATH, we respectfully invite you to call at
85 Kentucky Ave.

MANDOLINES,
Guitars, Banjos, Violins,
And Musical Instruments on payments
Cheapest Place to buy.
Old Instruments taken in exchange.
JERUSALEM, - 73 Mass. Ave. & 27 Indiana Ave.

JERUSALEM'S
Holiday Goods, Toys, Dolls,
—And Presents of all Kinds—
CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE
JERUSALEM,
73 Mass Ave & 27 Indiana Ave

Wanted
NEGROES
To Sell Our Royal Book,
"The Black Phalanx."

It is a history of the Negro Soldiers and gives a full account of their services in fighting for freedom and the Union, from the Revolution to the present time. SPLENDID PICTURES of the Negro Troops. All say it is the grandest book ever written. Piles of money to be made selling it, for every body wants it. You Can Make Money. One man has already made 600 dollars on 500 books. Don't fail to send at once for circulars and see our Liberal Terms to Agents. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct., Boston, Cincinnati or St. Louis. (Mention this Paper)